SUPPLEMENT

TO

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VII.

SKETCH
OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY.

SOUTHEY's admirable History of the Peninsular War is well known—is in every library; upon the same subject, partial sketches, and details innumerable, have been long before the public; and to increase—we would rather say complete—our stock of information, two other performances of a somewhat imposing character have appeared: first, in quarto, a "*Narrative of the Peninsular War, from* 1808 *to* 1813; *by Lieut.-Gen. C. W. Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., G.C.H., Colonel of the* 10*th Royal Hussars;*" secondly, the first volume, in octavo, of a "*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year* 1807 *to the year* 1814; *by W. F. P. Napier, C.B.*"

Assisted by Mr. Gleig, the author of The Subaltern, the noble Marquess has contributed an interesting and highly valuable narrative, combining a spirited account of his own personal services with much of general military detail. It is, in fact, the production of a brave but unassuming soldier.

Colonel Napier's history, on the other hand, is infinitely more elaborated—is a work of infinitely greater pretence. "I was an eye witness," observes the author, "to many of the transactions that I relate; and a wide acquaintance with military men has enabled me to consult distinguished officers, both French and English, and to correct my own recollections and opinions by their superior knowledge. Thus assisted, I was encouraged to undertake the work; and I offer it to the world with the less fear, because it contains original documents, which will suffice to give it interest, although it should have no other merit. Many of these documents I owe to the liberality of Marshal Soult, who, disdaining national prejudices, with the confidence of a great mind, placed them at my disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of my pen."

As the Marquess of Londonderry is avowedly a Tory, so, Colonel Napier is at no pains to conceal that he considers himself to be a staunch Whig—some, indeed, have termed him a Radical; all, however, must agree that he is a man of high talent; and, to genuine British feeling, nothing can be more delightful than to observe men of opposite parties agreeing on points of vital interest. The tribute that Colonel Napier pays to the high military talent of the Duke of Wellington is not less warm, not less just,

than that of the Marquess of Londonderry.

Colonel Napier's opinion of the Spaniards is unfavourable. They "have boldly asserted," he observes, "and the world has believed, that the deliverance of the Peninsula was the work of their hands: this assertion, so contrary to the truth, I combat. It is unjust to the fame of the British general, injurious to the glory of the British arms." Again:—"From the moment that an English force took the field, the Spaniards ceased to act as principals in a contest carried on in the heart of their country, and involving their existence as an independent nation; they were self-sufficient, and their pride was wounded by insult; they were superstitious, and their religious feelings were roused to fanatic fury by an all-powerful clergy, who feared to lose their own rich endowments; but after the first burst of indignation, the cause of independence created little enthusiasm."

Unable as we are to follow either of our military historians, or to offer a general view of their works, we must confine ourselves briefly to one point; and that point shall be the death and character of Sir John Moore. First, we shall avail ourselves of Colonel Napier's statement:—

From the spot where he fell, the general who had conducted it was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No; I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals, he asked if the French were beaten; and addressing his old friend Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and being told they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff; and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, adorned by a subtle playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he could well preserve by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for while he lived, he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and, with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, he thirsted for the honours of his profession, and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. The stream of time passed rapidly, and the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained; with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate, and confiding in the strength of his genius, disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance; opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted a long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude. No insult could disturb, no falsehood deceive him, no re-

monstrance shake his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, and the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation.

Now, from much that we have read upon the subject, from much conversation that we have had upon the subject, with several officers who were in Sir John Moore's unfortunate expedition, and most deplorable retreat, we must take leave to say, that, in our humble opinion, the party feelings of Colonel Napier have led him to give a colouring to the picture not altogether in harmony with the hues of truth. So far from Sir John Moore having "hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain," it is an indisputable fact, that he left England under the melancholy and disheartening presentiment that the prospect was unfavourable, and that it would not be possible for him to succeed in the objects of his expedition. Respecting his retreat, too—a retreat of indescribable suffering and loss—a retreat of suffering almost beyond conception of suffering—it was the opinion—we state this merely as opinion—that, at a certain period, Sir John Moore remained undecided and inactive when he ought to have attacked the enemy; that, by attacking the enemy at that certain period, he might have avoided the necessity of retreat, and all its horrible consequences; and that, at all events, had the retreat been deemed inevitable, its commencement ought to have been earlier. The Marquess of Londonderry's description of the retreat is in perfect accordance with all that we have heard from individuals who could not have been biassed in their statements; and we must add, that his estimate of the character of Sir John Moore, with a portion of which we are about to conclude this notice, is also more in accordance with what we believe to be the facts of the case.

Perhaps the British army has produced some abler men than Sir John Moore; it has certainly produced many who, in point of military talent, were, and are, quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps never could, boast of one more beloved, not by his own personal friends alone, but by every individual that served under him. It would be affectation to deny that Sir John Moore, during his disastrous retreat, issued many orders in the highest degree painful to the feelings of honourable men, who felt that their conduct had not merited them. His warmest admirers have acknowledged this, and his best friends have lamented it; but, in all probability, no one would have lamented it more heartily than himself, had he lived to review, in a moment of calmness, the general conduct of this campaign: because there never lived a man possessed of a better heart, nor, in ordinary cases, of a clearer judgment.

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The truth is, that Sir John Moore, with many of the qualities requisite to constitute a *general*, was deficient in that upon which, more perhaps than any other, success in war must ever depend. He wanted confidence in himself—he was afraid of responsibility—he under-rated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly over-rated those of his adversary. Yet, let justice be done. He acted under circumstances at once difficult and trying. He was harassed by being made, in some degree, dependent upon the opinions of others: whilst support from the authorities in the country, as well military as civil, he was from the first absolutely destitute. Sir John Moore was, moreover, a brave and high-spirited soldier. Of this the most satisfactory proof was furnished, by his refusal to act upon a suggestion made to him by some of the oldest and experienced generals in his army, and his declining to enter into any convention for the quiet embarkation of his troops. He preferred the honour of his army to its safety; and by preserving the one, he provided for the other also.

To the antiquarian reader, as well as to the student of general history, we recommend a perusal of the "*Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from 1656 to 1659: from the original Autograph MS.; with an Introduction, containing an Account of the Parliament of 1654, from the Journal of Guibon Goddard, Esq., M. P.; edited and illustrated with Notes, Historical and Biographical, by John Towill Rutt,*" in four volumes octavo.—From the preface to this curious work, we extract the following indicatorial and concisely characteristic passage:—

During six years of the period I have described, England and its dependencies were governed by the family of Cromwell. To those years, especially to preserve and illustrate what can now be recovered of their parliamentary history, these volumes are devoted. I could not,

however, have contemplated such an extent, when first preparing for the press the curious manuscript which has formed the principal part of this publication. The parliamentary diary is ascertained, by various internal evidences, which will occur to the attentive reader to have been written, in the House of Commons, by Thomas Burton, Esq., M.P. for Westmorland. It is now first printed from his original note books, which came, a few years since, into the possession of Mr. Upcot, of the London Institution (together with the lately published correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon), and will be found to supply, to a considerable extent, the want of all parliamentary debates during the protectorates.

BIOGRAPHY.

The preceding six months have greatly enlarged our stock of biography and memoirs; so much so, indeed, that we could with ease fill ten times the space allotted in our Supplementary sheets with sketches and extracts from the respective works.

The first that we shall mention is "*The Life and Voyages of Columbus, by Washington Irving,*" in four octavo volumes.—Twelve or fifteen years ago, it was in the contemplation of a gentleman in some respects well qualified for the task, to write—what had then never been properly written—a life of Columbus; but, finding that, in addition to a perfect mastery of the Spanish language, he must, to render justice to his subject, visit Madrid, and obtain access to the government archives, and to numerous other remote sources of information, he deemed it wise to abandon the project. All that was then contemplated Mr. Irving appears to have accomplished; and, in an elegantly written standard work, we are now in possession of all, perhaps, that can be learned respecting the great discoverer of the New World. As Mr. Irving's performance is, however, not well adapted for the purpose of brief extract, we must content ourselves with recommending it to the perusal of all who may be desirous of becoming acquainted with its character and contents.

Our limits, and the nature of the work—one of great historical as well as biographical interest—permit us only to announce, in terms of recommendation, the appearance of the first volume, in quarto, of "*Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Secretary of State in the Reign of Edward VI., and Lord Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth; containing an Historical View of the Times in which he lived, &c. &c.; by the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford.*"

As all that relates to Lord Byron, by whomsoever written, is likely not only now, but for years to come, to be perused with avidity, we feel it our duty to report the publication, first in quarto, and subsequently in octavo, of a work entitled, "*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy; by Leigh Hunt.*" From this chronicle of scandal, ingratitude, disappointed envy, and malignity, the pandar-like newspaper press has more than sufficiently availed itself of extract. We are satisfied with remarking, that the microscopic vision of Leigh Hunt is as incapable of estimating the mind and genius of a Byron, as the meanest insect is of comprehending the nature and extent of the universe in all its vastness, sublimity, and glory. The book, however, will be read, and its author will be—let the reader say what.

From the writer's peculiar views of men and things, "*The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, by William Hazlitt*"—as yet brought down only to the armed truce of Amiens—will not be without readers of a certain class. The work is distinguished by all the well known mannerism of its author.

We recommend to perusal, another work upon the same subject: "*Analysis of the Character of Napoleon, by Dr. Channing,*" an American. It is shrewd, sensible, and clever; original in its manner, and also in its matter.

A volume of "*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friend,*" &c., constitute one of the most amusing tittle-tattle gossipping books of the day. The senior Angelo, as some of our more ancient readers are probably aware, was the son of a Leghorn merchant. Without a paternal inheritance, he came over to this country to seek his fortune; as a riding and fencing master, he was greatly noticed; and he

realized an income of £2,000 or £3,000 a year. His son, Henry, to whom the public is indebted for this volume, also became a fencing master, and had the honour of teaching the art of self-defence to most of the nobility and gentry of his day. The society in which he was accustomed to mix afforded great facilities for observation; and, through the retentiveness of his memory, he was enabled to preserve numbers of humorous and characteristic anecdotes. To describe his book, however, is nothing: we shall take, almost at random, one or two specimens of its contents. The first shall be a notice of Paddington, the new London world in the west, as it appeared forty or fifty years ago; at which period, as we have understood, there was only one coach once a day, and that could not obtain passengers enow to keep its owner from bankruptcy. At present, the number fluctuates between fifty and sixty, running to and from the Bank every four minutes, from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven at night.

Lately curiosity invited me to this favourite spot of my younger days—but how altered the site! Paddington was then a rural village. There were a few old houses on each side of the Edgeware Road, together with some ale-houses, of very picturesque appearance, being screened by high elms, with long troughs, for watering the teams of the hay-waggons on their way to and from market; each, too, had its large straddling sign-post stretching across the road.

Paddington Green was then a complete country retreat; and the group of magnificent elms thereon, now fast going to decay, were studies for all the landscape painters in the metropolis.

The diagonal path led to the church, which was a little gothic building, overgrown with ivy, and as completely sequestered as any village church a hundred miles from London.

The present cockney-looking structure was built, and this venerable pile was demolished; though the curious may yet find, by exploring about a hundred feet north, its ancient site; for the large black marble slabs, and other stones, that formed the floor, are still visible, with their inscriptions, though nearly choked with weeds and grass.

Chatelain, a foreign artist, who practised here as a drawing-master, in a small work of etchings, entitled *Views of the Environs of London*, has preserved a correct representation of this church, as it appeared sixty or seventy years ago.

Paddington, from the amenity of its scenery, formerly was much resorted to by the lovers of the picturesque. Many painters, known to my father and myself, have resided here during the summer season; and here that inimitable, though most eccentric painter, George Morland, made his first rural studies from nature.

Many years ago, every body, on passing through Long Acre, was attracted by a picture, or rather pictures in succession, of the "Weary Sportsman," painted by this artist whilst a boy, and exhibited in the window of old Kingsman, frame-maker to his late Majesty.

This represented the interior of a hedge ale-house, and its brick floor, and long oaken table, at which sat a farmer-looking sportsman, his shoes covered with dust, his gun in a corner, a dead hare upon a bench, his dogs reposing, and a servant-maid bringing him a foaming jug of home-brewed ale.

This composition was so popular, that copies were multiplied and sold, as fast as they were exposed; which produced a great deal of ready cash to the elder Morland, who had apprenticed his son George to himself. I mention this circumstance of the picture, as the scene, according to report, was taken from a rural inn, then existing at Paddington.

Speaking of itinerant quacks, Mr. Angelo thus notices the once celebrated Dr. Bossy, who was formerly to be seen, once a week, throughout the year, in Covent Garden, and also on Tower Hill.

Dr. Bossy was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis, and his public services ceased about forty years ago.

Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with medicine chest and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table, with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm-chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat, and bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad literatim*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist.

An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair: she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's *three* warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked

questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his *Anglo-German* dialect.

Doctor.—Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you?

Old Woman.—I be almost eighty, Sir; seventy-nine last Lady Day, old style.

Doctor.—Ah, tat is an incurable disease.

Old Woman.—O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why, you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.

Doctor (smiling).—No, no, good vomans—old age is vot is incurable; but by the plessing of Gote, I will cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora voman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in?

Old Woman.—Three, Sir—St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.

Doctor.—Vot, and you found no reliefs?—vot none—not at alls?

Old Woman.—No, none at all, Sir.

Doctor.—And how many medical professioners have attended you?

Old Woman.—Some twenty or thirty, Sir.

Doctor.—O mine Gote! Three sick hosipetals, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora vomans has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients pronounced ingurables; pote mid de plessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode peoples, dis poora vomans vas teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater), gan you hear das poll?

Old Woman.—Yes, Sir.

Doctor.—O den be thankful to Gote. Gan you valk round dis chair? (offering his arm).

Old Woman.—Yes, Sir.

Doctor.—Sit you town again, good vomans. Gan you see?

Old Woman.—Pretty so-so, Doctor.

Doctor.—Vot gan you see, good vomans?

Old Woman.—I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton-pie-man, with the pie board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him).

Doctor.—And what else gan you see, good vomans?

Old Woman.—The poll-parrot there (pointing to Richardson's hotel).

"Lying old b——h," screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter.

Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, "'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gosbel."

We would willingly proceed with Mr. Angelo, but our attention is called to a work of a somewhat similar character, now completed in four volumes octavo—"*Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, by J. Cradock, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.*" The two former volumes have been already noticed in La Belle Assemblee; from one of the latter, we now select the subjoined anecdotes:—

Lord Sandwich, when dressed, had a dignified appearance, but to see him in the street, he had an awkward careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, "I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;" the other replied that he thought he was mistaken. "Nay," says the gentleman, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once."

But Lord Sandwich gave a better anecdote of himself:—"When I was at Paris I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him, I offered him any service in London." "Then," said the man, bowing, "I should take it as a particular favour if your Lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."

Though not of the highest class in the order of merit, the first volume of "*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, D.D., by the Rev. William Field,*" will be received with no slight feelings of regard by the admirers of the distinguished individual to whom it relates. The life of Dr. Parr is here brought down from its commencement, in 1747, to the year 1807. When completed, we may possibly recur to it. So far, the work appears to be faithfully and impartially written.

The "*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mason Good, M.D., &c., by Olinthus Gregory,*" will, we apprehend, be confined in their circulation, chiefly to the personal connexions of the deceased.

Why does not Allan Cunningham give us a life of his countryman, Burns? We trust that he will, ere long; for there is no man living so competent to the task. In the interim, we are agreeably provided with a neat and compact "*Life of*

Robert Burns, by G. E. Lockhart, LL.B.," forming one of the volumes of Constable's Miscellany. Mr. Lockhart has, very judiciously, availed himself of the labours of his predecessors; and, with the addition of original matter from his own pen, and from that of Sir Walter Scott, he has succeeded in producing a volume which will obtain a fair portion of popularity.

A "*Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice Admiral Lord Collingwood; interspersed with Memoirs of his Life,*" is a delightful work, replete with sound sense, and kind and amiable feeling. Lord Collingwood was a worshipper of domestic life, and of all its calm and peaceful enjoyments. Writing to his wife, he thus expresses himself:—

This day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy. After this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world.

Again, speaking of his two daughters, what can be more sensible, or more truly pious, than the following:—

How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining: it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time: but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before any thing else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper, and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be Stoics, or want the common feeling for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.

Nor were Lord Collingwood's patriotism and value for his own profession less eminent.

What I am most anxious about is the plantation of oak in the country. We shall never cease to be a great people while we have ships, which we cannot have without timber; and that is not planted, because people are unable to play at cards next year with the produce of it. *I plant an oak wherever I have a place to put it in.*

The subjoined, written off Cadiz, in the year 1807, evinces excellent feeling:—

Although I do not admire boasters, I detest a miserable croaker; and I must say, I feel myself, as Lord Castlereagh observed, "upon a bed of roses," and able to contend with any thing that can come to me from any quarter. My ships are complete in every thing; they never go into port more than one at a time: for myself, I have not let go an anchor for fifteen months; and on the first day of the year had not a sick list in the ship—not one man. The doctors are the only people who are in danger of scurvy, if want of employment be a cause of it.

No mean addition to our biographical stores has been derived from America, in the "*Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard, from his Journal and Correspondence, by Jared Sparks.*" The editor justly observes—

The letters of Ledyard afford convincing proofs of his kind and amiable disposition, gratitude to his benefactors, humanity, disinterestedness. This last virtue, indeed, he practised to an excess. No man ever acted with less regard to self, or on a broader scale of philanthropy or general good. That he finally accomplished little, compared with the magnitude of his designs, was his misfortune, not his fault. Had he been less eccentric, however, in some of his peculiarities, more attentive to his immediate interests, had more regard to the power of circumstances, it is possible that his efforts would have been rewarded with better success. The acts of his life demand notice less on account of their results, than of the spirit in which they were performed, and the uncommon traits of character which prompted their execution. Such instances of decision, energy, perseverance, fortitude, and enterprise, have rarely been witnessed in the same individual; and in the exercise of

these high attributes of mind, his example cannot be too much admired or imitated.

Ledyard was a man distinguished by courage, fortitude, and energy. He was born at Groton, in Connecticut, in the year 1751; he was the eldest of three sons and a daughter. At first he was intended for the law; afterwards, he was induced to prepare himself as a missionary, for the conversion of the Indians; but, a whim seizing him, he suddenly decamped from college, contrived to cut down a large tree, on the margin of the Connecticut river, and, with the assistance of some of his fellow students, fashioned its trunk into a canoe, fifty feet long, and three feet wide. The distance of his uncle's residence at Hartford, whither he was desirous to proceed, was 140 miles, much of it through dangerous falls and rapids:—

With a bear-skin for a covering, and his canoe well-stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current, and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom using his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr. Jefferson, in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament and Ovid, one of which he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Bellow's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks, through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that fall without being instantly dashed in pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and through the kind assistance of the people in the neighbourhood, who were astonished at the novelty of such a voyage down the Connecticut, his canoe was drawn by oxen around the fall, and committed again to the water below. From that time, till he arrived at his place of destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passages in the river.

Young Ledyard went as a common sailor to Gibraltar—came to England in quest of some unknown relations—and then accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage round the world. Numerous and extraordinary were many of his succeeding adventures in various parts of the world, until, ultimately, he arrived at Cairo, in August, 1788. In the month of November following, full of enthusiasm, at the prospect of exploring the interior of Africa, he was on the point of setting out for Sennaar, when, in consequence of his taking an over-dose of vitriolic acid, his life was prematurely closed.

Mr. Nicolas, if we mistake not, is the editor of a volume incorrectly denominated "*Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First, written by himself, now first published from the Original Manuscript, with an Introductory Memoir.*" The memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby have, in fact, been furnished by the compiler. The work itself should have borne its original title—"Loose Fantasies." Some of its contents are not incurious.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

We commence this head with an exceedingly-valuable and equally delightful work in two quarto volumes—"*Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay, 1824–1825 (with Notes upon Ceylon); an Account of a Journey to Madras and the Southern Provinces, 1826; and Letters written in India; by the late Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta.*" In this production, the spirit of research, the pure and benevolent piety, and the high literary talent of the Rev. author, are equally conspicuous. His information throughout is at once curious and important; and it is conveyed in a style so beautiful, that it may almost be termed fascinating. With ease, we could fill a moderately-sized volume with isolated extracts—striking pictures—descriptions of the most charming character; but, though we purpose being more copious in selection than usual, our wishes must be restrained. Withholding, therefore, all further remarks of our own, that we may allot the more space to quotation, we shall immediately proceed to the task of transcription.

I was prepared (observes the Bishop) to expect a much greater simplicity and homeliness of manner in the Rajpoots and tribes of Central India, than in those who had been subjects of the Mogul empire; and, even at the court of Jyepoor, I was struck with the absence of that sort of polish which had been apparent at Lucknow and Delhi. The Hindoos seem everywhere, when left to themselves, and under their own sovereigns, a people of simple tastes and tempers, inclined to frugality, and indifferent to show and forms. The subjects of even the

greatest Mahratta prince sit down without scruple in his presence; and no trace is to be found in their conversation of those adulatory terms which the Mussulmans introduced into the northern and eastern provinces. Europeans, too, are very little known here; and I heard the children continually calling out to us as we passed through the villages, "Feringee, ne Feringee!" It was whimsical, however, and in apparent contrast with this plainness of speech, that the term "Maharaja," or sovereign, is applied by them to almost every thing superior.

We would willingly insert the Bishop's description of the city of Jyepoor, and also of the palace of Umeer; but, as we cannot introduce both, we shall give preference to the latter:—

We passed together through the opposite gate of the city, the uniformity of which throughout is very striking. My companions told me that it was laid out in quarters, or wards, according to the rules of the Shaster; one being for the Thakoors, another for the Brahmins, a third for the ordinary Rajpoots, a fourth for the caste of Kayts, or writers, a fifth for the Bunyans, or traders, and a sixth for the Gaowalas, or cow-keepers, while the seventh is occupied by the palace. After leaving the city, we proceeded by a wide sandy road, through a succession of gardens and garden-houses, some of the latter of which were very handsome, to the banks of a large lake, covered with water-fowl, and with a small island in the midst, on which were the ruins of a palace. The mere supplies the stream which we had passed on our way up the ghât; it has on this side every appearance of being a natural sheet of water; its banks are more woody and wild than any thing which I had seen since I left Kemaoon, and the steep and rugged road by which we ascended the hill beyond it, contributed to raise my expectation of a beautiful view from the top.

This road led us through an ancient gateway in an embattled and turretted wall which connected the two hills, like that which I described on the other side of Jyepoor, and within we found a street, like that also, of temples and old buildings of the same character, one of which was pointed out to me as a shrine, whither the young Raja is carried weekly to pay his devotions, and another as the house where he puts up his horses and reposes on such occasions. Beyond was a still steeper ascent to a second gate, which introduced us to a very wild and romantic valley, with a small lake at the bottom—the crests of the hills on either side crowned with walls and towers, their lower parts all rock and wood, interspersed with ruined buildings in front, and on the margin of the lake a small ruinous town, overgrown with trees, and interminglied with towers and temples, and over it, but a little to the left hand, a noble old fortified palace, connected by a long line of wall and tower, with a very large castle on the highest part of the hill. We now descended the ghât by a similar road to that which had conducted us thither, among some fine old trees, fragments of rock, and thickets of thorny underwood, till we reached the town, which almost entirely consisted of temples, and had few inhabitants but grim and ghastly Yogis, with their hair in elf-knots, and their faces covered with chalk, sitting naked and hideous, like so many ghoules, amid the tombs and ruined houses. A narrow winding street led us through these abodes of superstition, under a dark shade of peepul-trees, till we found ourselves on another steep ascent, paved with granite, and leading to the palace. We wound along the face of the hill, through, I think, three gothic gateways, alighted in a large moss-grown quadrangle, surrounded by what seemed to be barracks and stables, and followed our guides up a broad and long flight of steps, through another richly ornamented gateway, into the interior courts of the building, which contain one very noble hall of audience, a pretty little garden with fountains, and a long succession of passages, cloisters, alcoves, and small intricate apartments, many of them extremely beautiful, and enjoying from their windows, balconies, and terraces, one of the most striking prospects which can be conceived. The carving in stone and marble, and the inlaid flowers and ornaments in some of these apartments, are equal to those at Delhi and Agra, and only surpassed by the beauties of the Tage-mahal. My companions, none of whom had visited Umeer before, all declared that, as a whole, it was superior to the castle of Delhi. For myself, I have seen many royal palaces containing larger and more stately rooms—many, the architecture of which was in purer taste, and some which have covered a greater extent of ground (though in *this*, if the fortress on the hill be included, Umeer will rank, I think, above Windsor)—but for varied and picturesque effect, for richness of carving, for wild beauty of situation, for the number and romantic singularity of the apartments, and the strangeness of finding such a building in such a place and country, I am able to compare nothing with Umeer; and this, too, was the work of Jye Singh! The ornaments are in the same style, though in a better taste, than those of his palace at Jyepoor, and the size and number of the apartments are also similar. A greater use has been made of stained glass here, or else, from the inaccessible height of the window, the glass has remained in better preservation. The

building is in good repair, but has a solitary and deserted aspect; and as our guide, with his bunch of keys, unlocked one iron-clenched door after another, and led us over terraces and up towers, down steep, dark, sloping passages, and through a long succession of little silent courts, and dim vaulted chambers, seen only through coloured glass, and made more gorgeously gloomy by their carving, gilding, and mirrors, the idea of an enchanted castle occurred, I believe, to us all; and I could not help thinking what magnificent use Ariosto or Sir Walter Scott would have made of such a building. After all, we saw only part of it. Higher up the hill was another grim-looking ward, with few external windows, but three or four elegantly-carved kiosks projecting from its roof, and a few cypresses peeping over its walls, which they said was the zennana, and not allowed to be seen; and above this again, but communicating by a succession of gates and turrets, was the castle which I have mentioned, grimmer and darker still, with high towers and machicollated battlements, with a very few ornamented windows, many narrow loop-holes, and one tall minaret rising above the whole cluster. The interior of this, of course, was not shown; indeed, it is what the government of Jyepoor considers as their last resource. The public treasure used to be laid up here; and here, it is said, are many state prisoners, whose number is likely to be increased if the present rule continues.

On returning to the stable-yard, our conductor asked us if we wished to see the temple? I answered, of course, "any thing more that was to be seen;" and he turned short, and led us some little distance up the citadel, then through a dark low arch into a small court, where, to my surprise, the first object which met my eyes was a pool of blood on the pavement, by which a naked man stood with a bloody sword in his hand. The scenes through which we had passed were so romantic, that my fancy had almost been wound up to expect an adventure, and I felt, I confess, for an instant, my hand instinctively clench more firmly a heavy Hindoostanee whip I had with me, the butt end of which would, as a last resource, have been no despicable weapon. The guide, however, at the same instant, cautioned me against treading in the blood, and told me that a goat was sacrificed here every morning. In fact a second glance showed me the headless body of the poor animal lying before the steps of a small shrine, apparently of Kali. The Brahmin was officiating and tinkling his bell, but it was plain to see, from the embarrassment of our guide, that we had intruded at an unlucky moment, and we therefore merely cast our eyes round the court, without going nearer to the altar and its mysteries. The guide told us in our way back, that the tradition was, that, in ancient times, a man was sacrificed here every day; that the custom had been laid aside till Jye Singh had a frightful dream, in which the destroying power appeared to him, and asked him why her image was suffered to be dry? The Raja, afraid to disobey, and reluctant to fulfil the requisition to its ancient extent of horror, took counsel, and substituted a goat for the human victim, with which the

Dark goddess of the azure flood,
Whose robes are wet with infant tears,
Scull-chaplet wearer, whom the blood
Of man delights three thousand years,

was graciously pleased to be contented.

We were now taken down the hill, outside the fortifications, to some baths and summer-houses on the banks of the lake, which I should have thought pretty if they had not been much inferior to what I had already seen; and we crossed the lake by a narrow bridge, from the further end of which I made an attempt to sketch the view. Here our horses met us, and we returned home all highly gratified, and myself not a little surprised that a place so curious and interesting should be so little known, not merely in Europe but in India.

A short extract describes a splendid nuptial procession, on account of the betrothment of the son of a neighbouring Rajah, to the daughter of a Thakoor:—

The little boy (the bridegroom) passed on an elephant, with a long array of kettle-drums, trumpets, and standards before him, as well as a very handsome palanquin, in which two brothers, still younger than himself, were conveyed. In his passage through the streets of the town, fireworks were let off at intervals, and all the roofs of the houses, as well as the ramparts of the fort, were covered with spectators. The townspeople were very civil in securing us a good place, and seemed pleased with the interest which I felt in the shew, and with my wishing the little bridegroom "good luck." They told me that he was to be taken for that evening to the house of his new father-in-law, where the ceromony of affiancing took place; but that he and the little girl were to remain for some years with their respective parents, when the second and real marriage would be celebrated.

Our fair readers are not perhaps in general aware of the enormous cost attendant on the production of attar of roses:—

The rose-fields, which occupy many hundred acres in the neighbourhood, are described as, at the proper season, extremely beautiful. They

are cultivated for distillation, and for making "attar." Rose-water is both good and cheap here. The price of a seer, or weight of two pounds (a large quart) of the best, being eight annas, or a shilling. The attar is obtained after the rose-water is made, by setting it out during the night and till sun-rise in the morning, in large open vessels exposed to the air, and then skimming off the essential oil which floats at the top. The rose-water, which is thus skimmed, bears a lower price than that which is warranted with its cream entire; but Mr. Bayley said there is very little perceptible difference. To produce one rupee's weight of attar, 200,000 well-grown roses are required. The price, even on the spot, is extravagant, a rupee's weight being sold in the bazaar (where it is often adulterated with sandal-wood) for 80 S. R., and at the English warehouse, where it is warranted genuine, at 100 S. R., or £10. Mr. Melville, who made some for himself one year, said he calculated that the rent of the land, and price of utensils, really cost him at the rate of five pounds for the above trifling quantity, without reckoning risk, labour of servants, &c.

Otters, we apprehend, might be kept with advantage in other places as well as in India. Near Dacca, observes the Bishop:—

We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars, and long strings, to bamboo stakes on the bank. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water, others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise as if in play. I was told, that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight. It has always been a fancy of mine, that the poor creatures whom we waste and persecute to death, for no cause but the gratification of our cruelty, might, by reasonable treatment, be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindoo here shews a better taste and judgment than half the otter-hunting and badger baiting gentry of England.

With one more extract—an account of the Bhâts, or bards, of India—we reluctantly close:—

The Bhâts are a sacred order all through Rajpootana. Their race was especially created by Mahadeo, for the purpose of guarding his sacred bull; but they lost this honourable office through their cowardice. The god had a pet lion also; and as the favourite animals were kept in the same apartment, the bull was eaten almost every day, in spite of all the noise which the Bhâts could make; greatly to the grief of Siva, and to the increase of his trouble, since he had to create a new bull in the room of every one which fell a victim to the ferocity of his companion. Under these circumstances, the deity formed a new race of men, the Charuns, of equal piety and tuneful powers, but more courageous than the Bhâts, and made them the wardens of his menagerie. The Bhâts, however, still retained their functions of singing the praises of gods and heroes; and, as the hereditary guardians of history and pedigree, are held in higher estimation than even the Brahmins themselves amongst the haughty and fierce nobles of Rajpootana. In the yet wilder districts to the south-west, the more warlike Charuns, however, take their place in popular reverence. A few years back, it was usual for merchants or travellers, going through Malwah and Guzerât, to hire a Charun to protect them—and the sanctity of his name was generally sufficient. If robbers appeared, he stepped forward, waving his long white garments, and denouncing, in verse, infamy and disgrace on all who should injure travellers under the protection of the holy minstrels of Siva. If this failed, he stabbed himself with his dagger, generally in the left arm, declaring that his blood was on their heads; and if all failed, he was bound in honour to stab himself to the heart—a catastrophe of which there was little danger, since the violent death of such a person was enough to devote the whole land to barrenness, and all who occasioned it to an everlasting abode in Padalon. The Bhâts protect nobody; but to kill or beat one of them would be regarded as very disgraceful and ill omened; and presuming on this immunity, and on the importance attached to that sort of renown which it confers, they are said often to extort money from their wealthy neighbours, by promises of spreading their great name, and threats of making them infamous, and even of blasting their prospects. A wealthy merchant of Indore, some years since, had a quarrel with one of these men, who made a clay image, which he called after the merchant's name, and, daily, in the bazar, and in the different temples, addressed it with bitter and reproachful language, intermixed with the most frightful curses which an angry poet could invent. There was no redress; and the merchant, though a man of great power and influence at court, was advised to bribe him into silence; this he refused to do, and the matter went on for several months, till a number of the merchant's friends subscribed a considerable sum, of which, with much sub-

mission, and joined hands, they entreated the Bhât to accept. "Alas," was his answer; "why was not this done before? Had I been conciliated in time, your friend might yet have prospered. But now, though I shall be silent henceforth, I have already said too much against him; and when did the imprecations of a bard, so long persisted in, fall to the ground unaccomplished?" The merchant, as it happened, was really overtaken by some severe calamities; and the popular faith in the powers of the minstrel character is now more than ever confirmed.

In announcing the appearance of two volumes of "*Travels in Russia, &c., by William Rae Wilson, Esq., F.S.A., Author of Travels in Egypt, &c., illustrated by Engravings,*" we find it necessary to do little more than remark, that the production is of the same quiet, tame character, by which the former works of this writer—works which have repeatedly fallen under our notice—are distinguished. It contains, however, some useful and agreeable details; and we shall make from it one or two slight extracts. The first shall be an account of a public execution at Munster:—

On departing from Munster, although at the early hour of six o'clock in the morning, we found the whole town in motion, and crowds proceeding along the great road to witness the execution of a criminal; an event that excited a great sensation, no such punishment having occurred since 1812, when the guillotine was used, as at that time the town was occupied by the French. The spot to which the throngs were repairing, to gratify their morbid curiosity, was about two miles beyond the town; and on hearing that the malefactor was to be broken on the wheel, a mode of punishment we had never witnessed, we also yielded to the same feeling; and on arriving at the place, alighted, and joined the crowd. The multitude here collected formed a dense mass, and all the trees around were occupied by eager spectators. It does not say much for the tenderness of the softer sex, who, at least, are supposed to be more susceptible of pity, and more averse to sights of pain and horror, that the majority of the assembly were females. Surely, whether phrenologists have yet discovered it or not, there must be some organ of cruelty, the development of which incites the ladies of Spain to take delight in witnessing the tortures of a poor animal, maddened to desperation by its cowardly pursuers, at a bull-fight; and which led the dames and beldames of Munster to indulge in the luxury of an execution.

On the scaffold, which was about twenty feet in width, was a wheel resembling those of a small chaise, with an axletree in the centre, and a piece of sharp iron at the extremity; and beside it stood the executioner, not attired *à la Jack Ketch*, but in a costume not unlike that once belonging to a profession which, although satirists have compared them to executioners, would feel indignant at the allusion. A suit of black, with a steel-handled sword and steel buckles, a ruffled shirt, and cocked hat, gave to this operator a resemblance to a well-dressed physician of some half century ago, when such a dress was considered as indispensable as a diploma. His assistants, however, were less trimly, perhaps more appropriately attired; for, from their blue frocks and their caps, they had a good deal of the appearance of butchers, and, from their *sang froid*, seemed perfectly accustomed to such scenes of blood.

The criminal was drawn in a cart, escorted on each side by hussars, and attended by a venerable personage, his confessor. The whole cavalcade reached the fatal spot about eight o'clock. A solemn silence ensued whilst the criminal ascended the scaffold, and during the time he was engaged in prayer with the priest holding a large crucifix in his hand. After they had been a short time engaged in devotion, the latter made the sign of the cross; on which the miserable victim was desired to lie down, when he clasped his hands, and appeared to offer up a final ejaculation to that Being from whom alone salvation for his immortal part could be obtained. He was then placed horizontally on the scaffold, and his arms and legs widely extended. Under these, at the wrists and ankles, and below each of the thighs, were placed blocks, hollowed in the centre. Cords were then tied round his wrists and legs, and the ends of them were introduced through holes in the scaffold, and there made fast underneath. After this, a rope was put round his neck, and the end of it, which was of considerable length, made to pass through the scaffold in a similar manner. After tying the cords, the executioner put a stick between them, which he twisted with all his strength; and the priest then stooped down over the face of the sufferer, holding up the cross. The hands and face of the wretched sufferer became actually red and blue; and although it might have been supposed that strangulation was sufficient to have satisfied the ends of public justice, yet a different idea appears to have been entertained by the authorities, for one of the assistants gave three loud stamps with his foot, as a signal to proceed to the more dreadful part of the proceedings. He then took up the wheel, and lifting it near to his chin, plunged the extremity of the axletree, with great force, on each of the

legs, arms, and thighs, and repeated this dreadful operation on the chest and belly. The former were, at each blow, completely smashed; when shrieks and groans pervaded the multitude at hearing the hollow sound, as the horrid instrument struck the stomach This being done, the confessor came to the front of the scaffold, and addressed the multitude; after which he turned to another part of it, and kneeled, with a book in his hand, apparently in a state of extreme agitation and tremor. On being taken up, the mangled remains presented a most frightful spectacle, the limbs hanging merely by the tendons and cartilages, so as to swing to and fro; they were then put into a coarse box, and hurried to a hole about a hundred yards off, and covered expeditiously with earth. Not satisfied with the horrors they had already witnessed, the crowd flocked to the scaffold, and ascended it to examine more nearly the dreadful apparatus; and as a proof how little they were affected by what was intended as a terrific warning to others, they indulged in the most shameful jests and observations.

Mr. Wilson's complaint of the absence of tender and humane feelings might, we lament to say, be made, with equal justice, in countries of a far more civilized character than Russia.

From numerous instances adduced of the severity and tyranny of the Russian police, we select the following:—

An Italian, who keeps a small print-shop in the Nevsky Prospect, in order to attract attention, stuck up several prints at the window. One of these happened to be a Russian general in all his military trappings, and the second was an English bull-dog. Both of these were fastened with pins, that they might be replaced by others with more facility. It so happened that the mastiff was placed in the upper, and the warrior in the lower pane of glass, and that the former, by some accident, having given way, carried the latter with it; by which, of course, the general was laid flat by the animal, and in that state they remained for some time. This circumstance got to the ears of the police, whose high indignation it did not fail to excite, it being considered an unpardonable insult. They entered the shop, remonstrated with the Italian, accusing him of placing an English bull-dog upon a Russian general, to show he was in the act of worrying him; and, after terrifying the poor fellow, threatened to bring him to condign punishment.

In an early part of the present volume (page 75) we noticed, at some length, a little post octavo volume entitled "Austria as it is; or, Sketches of Continental Courts, by an Eye-Witness." The author of that work, said to be a foreigner of distinction, has since produced a companion volume, called "*The Americans as they are; described in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi.*" The information is good, tolerably impartial, and not without interest. The writer's idea is, that the principle of monarchy is rapidly developing itself in the United States, and that, though it will not be attempted to establish a kingly government by means of a revolution, which would unquestionably fail, there is a design to bring it about by cautious cunning. As long, however, he observes, as the American republic continues united, this unwieldy mass of twenty-four States can never become dangerous to Britain. "Of the different orders of society," says he, "there is yet little to be said, but they are developing themselves, as fast as wealth, ambition, luxury, and the sciences, on the one side—and poverty, ignorance, and indirect oppression, on the other, will permit them."—Of the Kentuckians, a most repulsive view is given; and the account of Mr. Owen's *harmonious* settlements, in which music and dancing are substituted for divine worship, is any thing but favourable. "The difference between the steady Englishman of the Illinois side, and the rabble of Owen's settlement, is clearly seen in the style and character of the improvements carried on."—Altogether, this work is deserving of perusal—by those, at least, who are interested in the state of America.

Though very innocent of the crime of originality, a volume of "*Letters from the Continent, by the Rev. W. Weever Walter, M.A.,*" may be run over with some advantage by our hasty summer tourists.

For views of French national character—of the present state of society and manners of France—we take leave to refer the reader to three delightful volumes, entitled "*The English in France, by the author of The English in Italy.*" Report assigns their authorship to Lord Normanby; but, of this we are not certain. At all events, the sketches, tales, essays, &c., of which they are composed, are the result of actual observation. Good taste and good feeling are apparent throughout.

The writer—Mr. Best, as it is said—of

"*Italy as it is, or a Narrative of an English Family's Residence for three Years in that Country, by the Author of Four Years in France,*" which we briefly noticed in our fourth volume (page 83) is a Roman Catholic, of most capacious powers of belief. By him, all the vaunted popish miracles of modern times are received as indisputable facts. Doubtlessly, however, Mr. Best is a very amiable man; and, upon all points in which his religion is not specially concerned, he is well entitled to a fair degree of attention. As specimens of his style and manner, we shall make two or three excerpts from his description of a villa which he engaged in a large garden in the Faubourg of Leghorn:—

It was a large house; the chambers at least were well furnished, and here, as at Florence, every person of my family had a separate room; and here, also, as at Florence, I paid a sequin a day for my lodging: the price would not have been extravagant had I taken it for two months only, the high bathing season of Leghorn, but I took it for four months, not wishing to return to any town till the end of the summer; after all, the price was not much more than the summer price at Bath, and less than the winter price at Cheltenham.

The garden was of two acres, over which we might range at will; but as it would have been painful to walk over cabbage stalks, and impossible to force a way through artichokes and Indian corn, we confined ourselves to the walk from the great gate to the house, and the space left for carriages to turn. Paradoxical as it may seem, a shady walk is not wanted in a hot climate in summer; one cannot stir out during the middle of the day, and when the sun is down, air is wanted, to which whatever casts a shade is a hindrance. The ladies in England, indeed, are so fond of their parasols, that when you meet them on the shady side of the street, or after sunset, it requires great care to avoid being blinded by the tagged ends of the ribs of whalebone by which those elegant machines are distended. But walking in the evening in the *Villa Reale* at Naples, you will naturally cry out, "Oh, for the sea breeze!" in vain—the trees forbid; but they will make you a convert to my paradox.

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There was a long trellis, over which vines were trained: under this was a walk, but the place was so suffocating, that it was not worth while to desire the gardener to clear away the weeds, with which, as they hindered not the ripening of the grapes, he allowed the walks to be encumbered. There was also a walk, from which air and sun were excluded, leading to the lesser gate of the garden; over this gate was a *gasebo*, forsooth; from this height were seen the boys and girls playing in the lane, and, in another direction, the distant Apennines with Monte Nero, better viewed from our windows.

The monotonous chant of the gardener's girls could not tire them, for its theme was love. In vain I entreated them, instead of Hymen, to worship Plutus, whose minister I engaged to be, if they would work in silence; but they could not give up the syren song.

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My housekeeping had not the advantage which it ought to have derived from the proximity of the garden; the cook always found some good reason for not buying fruits and vegetables where the price might be known. Complaints were neglected, commands were eluded: as much artifice was employed by my cook as would have sufficed to a roguish secretary of state, if such a personage any where exists; and, excepting some grapes and other fruit, which, in virtue of a personal treaty between the high contracting powers (the gardener and myself), passed immediately from the tree to the table, my taste was but little gratified in compensation of the sufferings of other senses.

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When I first settled at Avignon, believing that a well-furnished larder was a creditable part of a domestic establishment, I endeavoured that, of each day's supply of food, there should be something to spare, as an assurance that there had been enough. The negro says, "The more Massa call me, the more I won't come;" so, the more was ordered, the less there was remaining; for all remains were a perquisite of office: it therefore became necessary to endeavour that ways and means and the supply should correspond exactly. At Florence, I found that very many, even of the Italian families, made an agreement with their own cooks to serve them dinner at a certain price every day; and in this they were imitated by some English, who had been long established there. For the last six months a *traiteur* supplied my table, and the splendid *batteria de cuisine* of polished copper, of which *maestro di casa* was justly proud, was left to glitter idly on the walls, like the armour of a tired warrior.

But in a *villa* it was necessary to have a kitchen, as the town, and its means and appliances for dining, were half a mile off. We changed our cook three times in four months at Leghorn. The first took snuff; the second required that a little boy, only fourteen years old, should be invited daily to eat her dinner for her, as she had no appetite herself; the third bought the refuse of the market, in every sort of viand;

and this, as the price accorded not with the quality, I considered as a symptom of dishonesty: he delighted, moreover, in that excitement of ideas for which wine is so much commended by the poets. On these two points I endeavoured to descant in a way that, as I thought, might edify him, as a persuasive to an honest and sober life. I reminded him that we must all appear before the great judgment seat; he answered, instead of trembling and putting off the conversation to "a more convenient season," "*Chi lo sa?*" (Who knows that?) This confounded me, and entirely altered the theological state of the question. He is the only example of drunkenness and infidelity that I have met with in his condition of life, in France or Italy.

More—which may be useful—about servants:—

At Rome, where we were to remain but six months, I took a Frenchman, one of the temporary service mentioned above; all these men talk French. At Naples, the privilege of surcharging on the provisions of the house was so completely a *vested right*, that I lost the service of two valuable domestics by presuming to question it. One of these men was a courier, who had five times made the journey to Paris and back again; but having, at this time, failed of an engagement in his usual vocation, condescended to become an ordinary domestic. He insisted on buying for the *dépense*, or secondary kitchen, in which the dessert and coffee are prepared; and, among other objects, bought oranges at a *grano* apiece. Now I had received confidential information that *three* oranges were sold for a *grano*. This difference of price was an affair of no little moment, as we, seven of us in family, eat three or four oranges, each of us, every day. By way of experiment, on my return from a walk in the Villa Reale, I stopped at a stall on the Chiaja, and ordered five dozen of oranges for thirty *grani*.

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My courier gave me still further reason to repent of my temerity, by desiring me the next morning to provide another domestic. The cook perceiving by the manner in which his account was discussed, that his prescriptive rights would be questioned, took an early opportunity of submitting to me that he could not carry on his service to the satisfaction of my "Excellency," without an *aide de cuisine*, or undercook. Thus deserted, I took two very honest men, as yet uncorrupted by foreign influence, to whom I gave a livery coat and hat, three *carlini* a day, and the scanty remains of a dinner furnished by the *traiteur*, in the ordering of which, it was understood and agreed upon, that a deficient surplus should be to them no just ground of complaint. With these men I had reason to be well satisfied during my stay, and they *resigned* with regret in favour of a courier who was to attend me to France.

J. A. B. Beaumont, Esq., son of Mr. Barber Beaumont, a gentleman whose name has been long well known as that of an extensive projector and speculator, has given to the public an octavo volume of "*Travels in Buenos Ayres and the Adjacent Provinces of the Rio de la Plata.*" This volume, like many others relating to South America, within these few years, has had its origin in a speculation. "The writer of these pages," observes Mr. B., "and some of his friends, have been considerable sufferers from partial misrepresentations; they have themselves largely contributed to draw the attention of the British public to the advantages of Buenos Ayres for agricultural emigrants; but he has now seen the country, and the acts of its government, with his own eyes—he has bought his experience at a high price, and he thinks it a duty which he owes to his countrymen and the public to offer them the benefit of that experience. The natural capabilities of the country are of the first order, and these must endure; but the obstructions to their present development, owing to moral and political causes, are such as to demand serious attention." With his voyage, and a residence of nearly twelve months in the country—with his interview with Don Bernardino Rivadavia, the President, as he is pompously denominated, of the Argentine Republic, respecting the subject of his speculation—he seems to have been, in transatlantic phraseology, "pretty tolerably much" disgusted. The worthy President handed him over to one of the Secretaries of State; but, neither from him, from the President, nor from any other member of the Government, could he obtain one iota of assistance. Mr. Barber Beaumont—then Mr. Barber—was, if we forget not, some years since, a miniature painter; and, probably by inheritance, his son appears to possess some skill in the art of sketching a portrait. We subjoin a part of the account which he gives of the audience which he was honoured with by the great man:—

Word was at last brought that his Excellency was at liberty: my interrogator immediately

disappeared in great haste, and after a quarter of an hour's absence, returned and led me into the audience chamber, where I was left alone to await the entrance of the president; but expecting only to see Mr. Rivadavia, whom I had so frequently shook by the hand in London, and joked with at my father's table, I did not feel, as perhaps I ought to have done, the awfulness of the presence! The silvery tinkling of a little bell in the adjoining room arrested my attention, when, lo! the door opened with solemn slowness, and discovered the President of the Argentine Republic, gravely advancing, and with an air so dignified, that it was almost overpowering. The student, in the "Devil on Two Sticks," could not have been more surprised at the breaking of the phial than I was at what I saw. Every little particular relating to a great man is generally interesting to the public; it may, therefore, not be impertinent to give a short description of his excellency's person and appearance. Don Bernardino Rivadavia seems to be between forty and fifty years of age, about five feet in height, and much about that measure in circumference; his countenance is dark, but not unpleasing; it denotes acuteness, and, with his features, appears to belong to the ancient race which formerly sojourned at Jerusalem: his coat is green, buttoned *à la Napoleon*; his small clothes, if such they can be called, are fastened at the knee with silver buckles, and the short remainder of his person is clad in silk hose, dress shoes, and silver buckles; his whole appearance is not very unlike the caricature portraits of Napoleon: indeed, it is said, he is very fond of imitating that once great personage in such things as are within his reach, such as the cut or colour of a coat, or the inflation of an address. His excellency slowly advanced towards me, with his hands clenched behind him; whether this, too, was done in imitation of the great well-known, or to gain something of a counterpoise to the weight and bulk which he bore before him, or to guard his hand from the unhallowed touch of familiarity, it might be equally difficult and immaterial to determine; but his excellency slowly advanced, and with a formal patronizing air, at once made known to me that Mr. Rivadavia in London, and Don Bernardino Rivadavia, President of the Argentine Republic, were not to be considered as one and the same person.

We do not find much of really original matter in Mr. Beaumont's volume, yet it contains some information that may be useful, especially to those who may entertain ideas of emigration. We offer the following as a hint:—

A well, about thirty feet deep, was pointed out to me, in relation to which my companion, an inhabitant of the town, told me the following history:—Some few years ago, an opulent Portuguese came over from the Banda Oriental to Arroyo de la China, in order to effect extensive purchases of cattle. He brought with him, for the purpose, a large supply of gold ounces (doubloons). The then commandante of the city, by a due exertion of that inquisitorial vigilance so necessary in a person holding his office, ascertained these facts, and, in order to shew due attention to so acceptable a visitor, invited him to his house, made much of him, and walked with him about the town and its suburbs. The commandante, who previously had never been guilty of displaying any wealth, on a sudden surprised his neighbours by an unwonted exhibition of gold ounces. Such a sudden rise of fortune excited the wonder of the townsmen, for in that country, very unlike our own, riches are rare; and the means of acquiring any moderate portion of them, honestly, visible to every body: "still the wonder grew," and remained unsatisfied. Another wonder was, what had become of his dear friend the Portuguese; they were no longer seen walking together. Many of the townsmen, as well as the commandante, had had their eye upon the Portuguese and his gold ounces, and longed to draw him within their affectionate embraces; but the Portuguese gentleman had disappeared abruptly, nobody knew whither or how. In a short time, however, some one looking into the well, saw the body of the Portuguese, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Suspicion immediately fell on the commandante; circumstances transpired which established his guilt beyond the possibility of doubt. He was sent to Bajada, the then capital of the province, near Santa Fé, where he was tried, cast, and condemned to be shot; but one of those revolutions, which have of late years been so frequent in this country, arrested the arm of justice, and set the murderer free: he not only escaped from punishment, but was enabled to return to Arroyo de la China, where he was appointed to an office of great power, and under this power it was our misfortune to fall. After hearing this tale, I felt grateful that I had not been murdered as well as plundered; and was more eager than ever to be afloat. On my return to the town, I found the passports completed; little time was lost in getting on board. Our rudder and sails were restored; a good stock of provisions, brandy, *máte*, &c. was laid in; and after a captivity of twenty days, we were enabled to escape the clutches of the gypsey rulers of these misgoverned provinces.

"*Mexican Illustrations, founded upon Facts, indicative of the present Condition of*

Society, Manners, Religion, and Morals, among the Spanish and Native Inhabitants of Mexico; with Observations upon the Government and Resources of the Republic of Mexico as they appeared during part of the Years 1825, 1826, *and* 1827; *interspersed with occasional Remarks upon the Climate, Produce, and Antiquities of the Country, Mode of Working the Mines, &c., by Mark Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards,*" is, notwithstanding the number of works which have appeared upon the same subject, a volume of considerable utility and importance. Mr. Beaufoy appears to be desirous of placing every thing relating to Mexico—its geography—its climate—its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions—the besotted character of its government—the ignorance of its inhabitants, and the depravity of their manners and morals—in a correct point of view. That view is, in many respects, unfavourable. Of his book, however, we can make but little use in the way of extract; for, agreeably to the wish which we entertained, in noticing Captain Lyon's Journal, &c., we have yet to offer some passages from that very pleasing work.—The visiting etiquette in Mexico is not likely, we apprehend, to be adopted in Europe. Mr. Beaufoy says—

> The ceremonies on taking leave, after a visit, are delightfully complicated. You advance close to the ladies and bow: they must not move from their seat; if very polite, you endeavour to gain the door without turning your back, but at all events you there pause and bow; the master of the house accompanies you out, and you bow to each other at the top of the stairs; six steps down, you turn and bow again; on the first landing-place this is repeated, and again at the foot of the staircase, when you observe your friend has taken up your old position. Be sure, likewise, if you value your reputation, not to quit the court-yard without turning to see whether your persecutor has still kept you in view. I once gave serious offence by this last omission.

We have, in our time, contemplated pictures of the fair sex more interesting—more fascinating—than those with which Mr. Beaufoy indulges his readers:—

> In general, the black eyes of the Mexican women have neither that vivacity nor that softness which different persons have praised in the Spanish females; and they all, but more particularly those of the lower classes, lose their pretension to beauty at sixteen or seventeen years of age: the few exceptions more fully prove the rule; and this premature old age is very much accelerated by the custom of wearing neither stays nor other support for their bosoms. I do, by-the-by, remember one good-humoured lady, at Valladolid, who had squeezed her bosom up to her chin, and wore her waist between her shoulder blades, as ten years back used to be the fashion at Paris. All have a great quantity of dark hair: but it is not fine, nor in natural ringlets. Indeed that of the lower orders is so coarse, long, and black, that when of an evening I have seen women walking about in great pride, purposely turning round to display fully their straight locks hanging down their back, my imagination has irresistibly reverted to the tails of the Life Guards' horses in London.

We proceed to make some additional extracts from Captain Lyon's "*Journal of a Residence and Tour in Mexico, in the Year* 1826."* At Pueblo Viego, Captain L. obtained a windowless room in one of the most respectable houses in the place; the mistress of which, he states, was better known by the name of the Gachupina (a term of reproach applied to European Spaniards) than by her proper appellation of Doña Francesca.

> This lady, who had the reputation of being rich and cleanly, was quite distressed at not having time to whiten my room; but two Indian girls were instantly set to work to wash the earthen floor, and make me comfortable. My landlady was all politeness, and I clearly saw that she entertained no mean opinion of her own good breeding and address.
>
> She was generally allowed to be one of the most respectable ladies of Tampico; and although a certain Don Antonio, who assisted in taking care of her shop and her fair self, was by no means her husband, she piqued herself on her irreproachable character, and the high estimation in which she was held on account of her wealth. Her age might have been about forty-five; her person was fat; and when in her morning costume, which consisted of a shift, tied round the waist with a string, and with a cigar in her mouth, her whole figure was particularly attractive. This charming person and I formed an interesting picture every morning at about six o'clock, as she stood leaning over a little wicket which kept the pigs, dogs, cats, and poultry from coming out of the yard into my room. While we cosily smoked the cigars with which she favoured me, I drew in lessons of Spanish, by conversing with her, and listening to her con-

* *Vide* page 76.

stantly-repeated assurances that she was an "old Spaniard," and a woman of sense, although, in common with nearly all the native ladies of the place, she did not possess the accomplishments of reading and writing.

In the evening, the Commandant and his wife, with some officers in the garrison, paid me a visit at the Consul's house, where his sister amused the party by playing on the piano-forte; and a host of half-naked natives soon crowded round the door and windows, which latter, at Tampico, have no glass, and seemed highly delighted with the music; some of the children remarking, with astonishment, that the Senora "read a book" while playing.

When the vistors retired, I adjourned to my own room, that I might endeavour to sleep —but it was all to no purpose. At my outer door stood a pig-sty, containing three old sows —mothers, to my misery, of a numerous progeny, which had been separated from them in order to forage in the odoriferous streets. The moanings and cries, in every tone to which the voice of sows can be modulated, were answered with interest by the young pigs; for, being too large to creep through the bars to their parents, they solaced themselves by squealing throughout the night. To add to this, the dogs, of which every house has several, barked without interruption.

Alas for the "march of intellect" amongst the mining districts of Mexico!

It will scarcely be believed that there should exist a people in a nominally-civilized country, who yet believe in Lord Monboddo's ingenious theory of tails—yet so it is; that the English, or indeed all foreigners, being considered as Jews, are supposed to be ornamented by these appendages; and many people can be found who firmly believe that our stirrups being placed more forward on our saddles than is the custom of the country, is to allow of our stooping a little so as to prevent the friction of the saddle from inconveniencing the rider's tail.

Saturday being the pay-day for the native labourers, in the vicinity of Bolaños, the evening was in consequence devoted to merriment:—

A party of itinerant Maromeros (or rope-dancers) held their exhibition in the large walled yard of a once-splendid mansion, to about eight hundred people; which was considered as a very "full house," the receipts, at a medio (or threepence) for each person, amounting to fifty dollars. The performance, which was exceedingly bad, was, nevertheless, highly applauded by the spectators, who were sitting or lying in a confused multitude on the bare ground; while some few persons of distinction had taken the precaution to provide themselves with chairs and stools. During the exhibition of the tight-rope dancers, the spectators derived a continual fund of gratification from the pallase, or clown, who particularly delighted the most respectable inhabitants by the recital of a coarse story. While a half Indian was performing some clumsy evolutions on the rope, the band, in obedience to a signal, suddenly ceased, and the dancer having dropped himself into a sitting posture on the cord, pulled off his high embroidered cap, and very gravely thus bespoke us: "Caballeros y Señoras (Gentlemen and Ladies), I beg (suplico) that as I am about to throw a somerset, you will subscribe some money to be devoted to the service of celebrating the holy sacrament of the most Holy Mass." All rose: the men took off their hats with the utmost gravity; a general silence prevailed for a moment; and the vaulter, who evidently was in great dismay, attempted to throw his promised caper. Unluckily, however, he failed, tumbled on his nose, and no money was subscribed for the "solemn and most holy sacrament," for as much as the articles had not been fulfilled. To this succeeded fire-works, tumbling by two little boys, and performances on the slack-rope, in which the unsuccessful vaulter astonished me by hanging with the rope at full swing, and high above the ground, by one hand, by his heels, his toes, the back of his neck, and lastly by his teeth. He concluded with a performance which is said to have been exhibited by order of Montezuma, for the amusement of Cortez and his officers; and which I cannot better describe than in the words of the Abbé Clavigero, substituting, however, *boys* for *men*. "One man laid himself upon his back on the ground, and raising up his feet, took a beam upon them, or a piece of wood, which was thick, round, and about eight feet in length. He tossed it up to a certain height, and as it fell, he received and tossed it up again with his feet. Taking it afterwards between his feet, he turned it rapidly round; and what is more, he did so with two men" (boys) "sitting astride upon it, one upon each extremity of the beam." The feat, however, was in the present instance accompanied by a lively tune from the band, to which the performer kept excellent time, while he danced, with his feet elevated beneath the beam, a very neat and difficult figure, throughout the exhibition. While all these gaieties were going forward, two or three men constantly occupied themselves in picking their way through the crowd, and bawling lustily "sweetmeats and cakes for sale:" and one old fellow particularly pleased me, by his energetic yet conciliating appeals to the gallantry of the gentlemen present, to purchase a kind of "Pandulce," which was squeezed into the semblance of pigs—"What! Caballeros! does no one buy my pigs for the

adies? What! no pigs for the Señoras?" An appeal which had such an effect upon the Bolaños beaux, that many a fair mouth soon blew forth its cloud of smoke, relinquished its cigar, and swallowed a "puerco."

Our evening's entertainments—all for the price of three-pence—were concluded by two comedies in front of three sheets, which performed the part of the scenery. One was tolerably good, being a mutilation of Moliere's "Mariage Forcé:" the other, which was highly applauded, I will not describe. The spectators, although a parcel of Indians and half-casts, the greater part without shirts, would have taught a lesson of quiet and good breeding to our London audiences, much as we pride ourselves on our superior politeness and decorum. I never indeed saw so large a body of people more perfectly well-behaved, silent, and good-humoured.

At Cipiméo—

Looking out of my window, I was witness to an infantine amusement which would rather startle English mothers and nurses. A party of little children were diverting themselves with a large rattle-snake, which, in all its vigour, was tied by the middle to the lash of a small whip, while the delighted urchins were teasing it with pieces of sticks, which they presented to be bitten. Being a novice to this species of fun, and not liking the angry rattles or savage springs of the reptile, I asked the merry little group to kill it; but my proposition was in vain, and they ran off to enjoy their dangerous play-thing uninterrupted.

Having left Mexico for Real del Monte, observes Captain Lyon:—

We rode about two miles E.N.E. over a fine broad causeway, which brought us into the celebrated sanctuary of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. It was too late to see the church without express permission of the Sacristan, who was at dinner; but when I preferred my request, he readily granted it, and sent a little boy to do the honours of the place. His first care on entering the church, was to light a number of tapers in front of the curtain which hid the miraculous picture; and, after a pause, he carefully drew up the envious veil which shrouded the painting by a "Divine Hand" from the gaze of the careless or profane. As there was no priest present, I took advantage of a little ladder placed near the altar, to obtain a closer view of this wonderful production, which is coarsely painted on a closely-grained canvas, previously primed with a white ground. It represents the Virgin with clasped hands, and clothed in a blue cloak covered with gilt stars. Her petticoat is painted in red and gold; and she stands on a large crescent, which is supported by a very ugly little cherub. This picture is peculiar, as having rays diverging from the figure in all directions; and though the colours are faded, and the gold very dull from age and dust, the eyes of the faithful do not fail to see a dazzling and unearthly splendour in the dress and features. The story runs thus:—Soon after the Conquest, a poor *untutored* Indian, named Juan Diego, while labouring near the foot of the rock Tepeyaca, where the Sanctuary now stands, suddenly heard a peal of music, and saw before him the Blessed Virgin, in the attitude and habiliments of the present picture. The man was very naturally astonished, but more so when the Virgin commanded him to go to the Bishop of Mexico, and desire him to build a chapel to her honour, on that very spot. The Bishop, being a true Catholic, would not believe in heavenly apparitions; he therefore reproved poor Juan Diego for his credulity, and sent him away. Again the blessed Virgin appeared, and delivered a more positive command; but the Bishop once more dismissed the messenger, with threats of punishment for attempting to impose on so pure and undeceiving a religion as that so recently and mildly established in Mexico. The mortified Juan Diego again retired to the rock Tepeyaca, where, for the third time, he tremblingly saw Our Lady, who, with some displeasure, repeated her order, to which the man replied by begging a sign for the unbelieving Bishop. "Go," said the Blessed Mother of God, "go and climb the rock, and on its hitherto barren summit you will find a token; take it to the Bishop, and he will believe." Juan obeyed: and although it was in the depth of winter, he found the once-desolate spot covered with the most exquisite flowers in full bloom. Filling, therefore, his Serape, or wrapper, with the miraculous roses, he posted joyously to the Bishop, who called a number of priests to witness the opening of the Serape;—when, lo! as the flowers fell from it to the ground, this identical picture, which I saw, was found imprinted on it by the hand of God! refulgent in beauty, and almost too bright to be gazed upon. Nothing more was required to enforce conviction, a splendid church was erected and endowed to the Patroness of Mexico; immense wealth was offered at her altar; and from that time every part of New Spain sent, and does still send her, annual tribute: and there is no town of note which has not a church open as a sanctuary to all criminals, and dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe. The first chapel was erected on the summit of the little hill of Tepeyaca, and has near it a singularly-shaped turret, so faced with masonry as to represent a ship under sail. But as the fame and riches of the Virgin increased, it was thought fit to erect a larger temple to her honour; and the picture has been removed to the present church

at the foot of the hill. This building is large and tawdry, with abundance of silver in balustrades, which, from want of cleaning, look like dirty pewter. Near this is a small chapel, erected over a wonderful and most blessed well of water, celebrated for the cure of all diseases, and sold at a cheap rate to the afflicted. It is enclosed by an iron railing, and is in custody of a reverend man, the appearance of whose nose would imply that he rarely tasted any thing so mild as the fluid under his charge. He also sells to the devout, little books of the established prayers to the idol, together with small crosses, medals, and rosaries, which have touched her blessed figure; as well as certain slips of narrow red ribband, marked, and purporting to be the length of the Virgin's hands, arms, face, and feet.

The religious prejudices, &c., of the Mexicans are thus displayed in the account of the christening of a young heretic:—

The infant of one of our artificers, to whom I was to be godfather, was to be christened in the church of the Veto Grande; and as several English children had received that ceremony without opposition or comment in the city of Mexico, no impediments were expected here; the two ceremonies of the Catholic and Protestant churches being, with the exception of language, nearly the same. The day was passed in long letters and objections, which ended in an injunction, that the heretical godfather was not to approach the baptismal font. It was late at night before all was settled, and our party proceeded to church; but as the other English were not permitted to be present at the ceremony, I of course retired with them; and the child's father, with a native servant, whose knowledge of English condemned him also as a heretic, were turned out with the rest. I walked indignantly home, and was soon followed by those who had waited in the sacristy, bringing the baby; which, after all, was not christened by the name that was intended, but, by some fancy of the very reverend and most christian padre, was called José Bonaventura, after which the intended name Jorge (George) was added.

My retreat very much discomposed the priest and his attendants, who imagined they should make a very good harvest of poor little José Bonaventura's christening; and while all the business was pending, and I was waiting, in no very good humour, the result of a discussion with which I was tired, the following most agreeable hints were supplied to me, as the intended godfather:—

1st. The church would be splendidly illuminated in honour of the English, for which, of course, the padre would expect an extra fee ..... Dollars 12

2ndly. The organist intended doing himself the honour of playing an anthem after the ceremony 4

3rdly. The sacristan, on so joyful an occasion, could not possibly be presented with a smaller sum than 4

4thly. A notary, from a disinterested wish to render the ceremony as respectable as possible, would have the pleasure of being present to register it 4

5thly. Two little choristers would put on their red cloaks in honour of the event 4

6thly. A scramble of medios (silver threepences) were to be thrown by the delighted padrino amongst the joyous crowd 10

7thly. Medios, spick-and-span new, were, according to an old custom, to be presented to every acquaintance and decent person in the crowd* 10

Total 48

To say nothing of the gifts which I was to make to the native godmothers; one of whom, the fat old housekeeper, rustling in black silks, and smoking like a furnace, I did make happy by the present of a Birmingham comb, in the form of a tiara.

Had the young Christian been the child of a prince, he could not have created a greater sensation; but as both father and godfather had been expelled the Catholic temple, no one was present to answer the demands after the baptism. The organ gave forth no joyous peal, the notary did not make his appearance; and although the sacristan and choristers remained in their full uniform, no one was found to reward them for their attention. At last, to the total discomfiture and astonishment of the padre, the discovery was made, that the babe was the son of a stone-mason, and that he would be paid accordingly!

At Tula, the funeral of an infant occurs:—

Our lodging was opposite the church, at which, hearing music in the evening, I found a crowd of people, with a young woman, who was bearing on her head a little dead child, dressed in coloured papers, so arranged as to represent a robe, and tied to a board by a white handkerchief. Round the body were stuck a profusion of artificial flowers; the face was uncovered, and

* This gift is also usual at weddings, and is called "Bola."

the little hands tied together, as if in prayer. A fidler and a man playing on a guitar accompanied the crowd to the church-door; and the mother having entered for a few minutes, again appeared with her child, and walked off, accompanied by her friends, to the burying-place.

The father followed, with another man, who assisted him, with a lighted piece of wood, in throwing up hand-rockets, of which he bore a large bundle under his arm. The whole ceremony was one of cheerfulness and gaiety, since all children who die young are supposed to escape purgatory, and to become "angelitos"* at once. I was informed that the burial would be followed by a fandango, in token of rejoicing that the babe had been taken from this world. It is, doubtless, the duty of Christians to be resigned to their afflictions; but I am sure that few Englishwomen would carry their first and only infant to its grave, with smiling countenances; and I equally can answer for the inability of the men to throw up rejoicing rockets when their first-born is taken from them.

At page 217, we offered a general view of "*Proceedings of the Expedition to explore the Northern Coast of Africa, &c. &c., by Capt. T. W. Beechey, R.N., F.R.S., and H. W. Beechey, Esq., F.S.A.,*" and now we shall make one or two additional extracts from the work. Respecting the sands of the desert, the writers thus express themselves:—

We are not, however, inclined to attribute quite so much to the overwhelming properties of sand, as many other travellers have done; and we do not think that the danger of being actually buried, will appear, on consideration, to be altogether so great, to those who are crossing sandy deserts, as writers of high respectability have asserted. The sand which encounters a body in motion, would pass it, we should imagine, without accumulation; and the quantity which might even be heaped upon sleepers, could scarcely be more than they might easily shake off in waking. We shudder at the dreadful accounts which have been recorded of whole caravans, and whole armies, destroyed by these formidable waves of the desert; and when our pity is strongly excited by such relations, we are seldom inclined to analyse them very deeply. But a little reflection would probably convince us that many of these are greatly exaggerated: some, because the writers believed what they related; and some, because they wished their readers to believe what they might not be quite convinced of themselves.

* Little angels.

In fact, we think it probable that they who have perished in deserts, from the time of the Psylli and Cambyses to the present, have died, as is usual, before they were buried, either from violence, thirst, or exhaustion.

The idea in question has, however, become very general; and we can neither attribute much blame to the reader who believes what is related on respectable authority, or to the writer who simply informs us of what he himself considers to be true. To him whose only view is to excite interest by exaggeration, we may, at least, say it seems to be superfluous: for the hardships and dangers of a journey over the sandy desert may be fully sufficient to satisfy the most adventurous, and to exhaust the most robust, without calling up the airy forms of imaginary horrors, to lengthen out the line of those which really present themselves.

But if the desert have terrors peculiar to itself, it has also its peculiar pleasures. There is something imposing, we may say sublime, in the idea of unbounded space, which it occasionally presents; and every trifling object which appears above its untenanted surface, assumes an interest which we should not on other occasions attribute to objects of much greater importance.

The little romance which its stillness and solitude encourage, is at the same time grateful to the feelings; and one may here dream delightfully of undisturbed tranquillity and independence, and of freedom from all the cares, follies, and vices of the world. Whenever the wind is cool, without being too strong, the purity of the air is at once refreshing and exhilarating; and, if his stock of water be not very low, the traveller feels disposed to be well pleased with every thing.*

The subjoined account of an interview with the Shekh of Mesurata has considerable interest:—

Soon after our arrival, the Shekh of Mesurata, Belcázi, came to pay us his visit of ceremony. He was accompanied by Shekh Mahommed el Dubbah, and attended by a train of mounted Arabs, tolerably well armed with long guns and pistols. The splendid attire of Shekh Belcázi, displayed to advantage by a large and handsome person, threw far into the shade the less imposing costume and figure of his companion.

* These solitary enjoyments are by no means overdrawn; every traveller accustomed to desert journeys must have experienced them: and the late lamented Burckhardt has frequently been heard to declare "that his most pleasant hours in travelling have been passed in the desert."

It consisted of three cloth waistcoats, richly embroidered with gold, and a pair of most capacious crimson silk trowsers, bound tight round his waist, which was none of the slenderest, by many an ell of handsome shawl. Over this, notwithstanding the heat of the day, he had thrown, in ample folds, a large white barracan, and above this a heavy red cloth burnoos, the hood of which was pulled over eight or ten yards of muslin rolled round his head as a turban. The eyelids of the Shekh had been carefully painted with the sable powder usually employed for that purpose, and which is considered, even by men, in the regency of Tripoli, to be absolutely requisite on occasions of ceremony. The tips of his fat and gentlemanly-looking fingers were at the same time stained with henna; and, as the dye had been recently and copiously applied, would decidedly have made those of Aurora look pale.

While the Shekh had been thus minutely attentive to his own person, that of his horse had by no means been neglected; for his bridle was of crimson silk, embroidered with gold, and his scarlet saddle-cloth displayed a broad edging of gold lace: the saddle itself was of rich crimson velvet, and the high back and pommel, which appeared through the saddle-cloth, were also thickly embroidered with gold. A broad band of gold lace was stretched across his chest, and a large and thick tassel of crimson silk and gold (which might have served a Grand Cross of the Bath), together with a numerous collection of charms, were suspended from the neck of the animal. The large gilt Mameluke stirrups, kept in constant motion by the rider, flashed gaily in the beams of the sun, which were glanced off in many a brilliant sparkle from this glittering assemblage of precious metal. If Phœbus himself had appeared in all his splendour, mounted on one of his gayest chariot horses, he could scarcely have been more an object of admiration and wonder in the eyes of the humble and unassuming crowd of Arabs which had assembled to witness the show, than Shekh Belcási and his charger were on this occasion.

We dare not guess how the lady of our honest friend the Dubbah would have supported this splendid exhibition, in which her husband was so completely eclipsed; but we thought that the eyes of Shekh Mahommed himself did occasionally wander to the shining masses by his side, with something like an expression of jealousy. If it were so, however, the glance only found its way through the *corners* of the Dubbah's orbs of vision; for his head kept its post with becoming solemnity, and was never once turned towards those objects of his envy, to which all other eyes were so fully directed. It must at the same time be allowed, that the toilet of the Shekh Mahommed had been much more attended to than usual. He had made a temporary adjournment from his usual *only* garment to a white cotton shirt of very decent exterior, over which he had carefully arranged a clean-looking white barracan; and he had drawn from the innermost recesses of his saddle bags a new white burnoos of no ordinary texture, which he persuaded himself to substitute for the old and coarse brown one he had hitherto worn on the road.* His saddle-case was now observed to be of crimson morocco, a circumstance with which we were not before acquainted, for it had, hitherto, on the journey, been turned inside out, or more properly speaking, with the outer side in, to prevent it from being soiled, and from fading in the sun. His saddle-cloth, also, which had hitherto consisted of a dirty piece of white flannel, was now of bright scarlet cloth; and, besides the embroidered covers to his silver embossed pistols, he had carefully suspended from different parts of his body a great variety of little bags, of different colours and sizes: these were the repositories of his powder and ball, and carried tinder, flints, and steel, money, nails, and tobacco, with sundry other little matters, too numerous to mention. By his side also hung a neat little smaat, or goat skin, with the long black hairs left to ornament and protect the outside; and which, properly speaking, was meant to hold water, but which likewise served indifferently for holding milk, oil, or butter, or any other substance which it might be necessary to carry in it. We should state that, under all this variety of ornament, Shekh Mahommed el Dubbah sat with dignity upon his mare, a recently-acquired present from the Bashaw, whose spirit had been previously roused on this occasion by the stimulus of an extra feed of corn. The display of Arab horsemanship, which concluded the procession, received additional éclât from this precaution; and the Dubbah's mare, after manœuvring her head to admiration, first on one side, and then on the other, and prancing, and pacing, and rearing, to the delight of the assembled spectators, no sooner felt the angle of the spur assail her sides, than she sprang forwards with a bound in advance of the party, and being suddenly pulled up with a powerful bit, was thrown back upon her haunches, within a foot of our tent-cords. The old Dubbah looked round to enjoy the applause which he

* A coarse brown barracan is on most occasions the only habit of a Bedouin Arab; but as the rainy season was approaching, Shekh Mahommed had allowed himself the additional covering of the old burnoos we have mentioned. Shirts are seldom worn but on gay occasions.

felt he had deserved for his horsemanship and his mare, from the crowd who had witnessed the exhibition. And the two Shekhs alighted and entered the tent, each apparently well pleased with himself.

Our next and closing extract will display, in a somewhat striking light, the ignorance and superstition of the Arab character. Let our male readers, in future, beware of ladies with large, black, and rolling eyes!

A young woman, who resided near the tents, was attacked, after eating a quantity of bazeen (the common food of the lower classes of Arabs) with a violent headache and pain in the stomach; and a celebrated Marábut, who had lately arrived at Mesurata, was called in to administer his assistance. The holy man did not refuse to comply with the summons; and when he made his appearance at the door of her tent, Mr. Campbell, and such of our party who were near, were led by curiosity to the same place; and taking up, unperceived, an advantageous position, were able to understand, with the assistance of the interpreter, the whole of the conversation that ensued.

The Shereef (for he claimed, or possessed, the distinction) was no sooner made acquainted with the case, than he assumed a most mysterious air; and began by declaring to his suffering patient, that she was possessed by an *underground spirit*. He then proceeded to state, as the cause of this misfortune, that before doing something (which our party could not distinctly make out) she had omitted to say Bismillah (in the name of God), a form always used by good and pious Mahommedans, to draw down a blessing upon whatever they are about to do. This omission (he declared) had been the cause of her dropping some water upon the head of the spirit's child, who was passing beneath her (under ground) at the time; and the justly-enraged gnome had in consequence leaped into her, and was now in the act of tormenting her for the crime. Our party of listeners could hardly contain themselves at this most ingenious discovery of the Shereef; but all the Arabs within the tent believed it most fully, and the poor girl herself began to cry bitterly, and bewail her hard fate and most unlucky omission. The Marábut, however, now bade her take comfort, and assured her that the case, though undoubtedly a serious one, was not altogether without a remedy. He accordingly called up a severe and commanding look, and, in a tone of authority, ordered the spirit to leave her. As the pain still continued without intermission, it was evident that this personage was not inclined to obey; and the holy man then pronounced him a most obstinate spirit, and told him that he knew of his having entered the woman long before she had sent for his assistance: he added, however, that he was determined to conquer him, and would not quit his patient till morning. At the same time he acknowledged that the task would be very difficult, for he could clearly perceive that the woman was wicked: he knew it, he said, by the breadth of her shoulders, and the uncommon blackness of her large rolling eyes, which were even larger and blacker than those of one of his own wives, whom he knew to be a very sinful woman. In the morning it happened that the poor girl was better, and the fame of the Marábut was widely diffused; but whether her recovery was owing to the holy man's exertions, or to a copious draught of medicine administered by Mr. Campbell, we will leave to the decision of our readers.

POETS.

It is surprising how small a quantity of poetry—of poetry in the strict sense of the word—has appeared within the last two or three years. Now and then a slight volume presents itself—graceful, perhaps, and flowing in its numbers; but, of *real* poetry, little indeed has appeared since the death of Byron. Some agreeable trifles, however, we have to notice; and it may not be amiss to mention as a proof that the appetite for what is *good* in verse has not actually abated, that "*The Omnipresence of the Deity, by Robert Montgomery,*" reviewed with considerable approbation in a preceding sheet (page 175) has already reached its fourth edition.

Amongst the many ephemeral productions of the Muse, occasioned by the death of the late Premier, the one most entitled to notice was "*A Tribute in Verse to the Character of the late Right Hon. G. Canning, &c. &c., by the Rev. Rann Kennedy, A.M.*" Of course Mr. Kennedy's verse is eulogistic. We offer a fair specimen:—

In thy career, although 'twas scarce begun,
A glorious age anticipation run.
No length of years, to crown thy living head,
Could win more wreaths than on thy tomb are spread.
A part are flowers from Hope's prolific tree,
Fair budding flowers, which owed their growth to thee,
And many a trophy to thy clay is brought,
For deeds but imaged, while it breath'd and thought.
Thy very wishes to thy fame shall rise,
Wherever known by all the good and wise,
And shine recorded in their tearful eyes

Delighted as we had been with Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends, it was with no slight anticipation of festive enjoyment, that we took up "*Daniel O'Rourke; or, Rhymes of a Pantomime, founded on that Story,*" from the pen of the same gentleman. The admirable story of Daniel O'Rourke, which has been dramatised at two or three of our theatres, will be recollected by every reader of the first series of the Fairy Legends. For smartness and for breadth of humour, it has rarely been surpassed. In the slight *brochure* before us, the raciness of spirit by which the original was distinguished has been most successfully preserved. One slight passage, or scene, must suffice for a taste:—

Enter Daniel O'Rourke, *with a bottle in his hand, singing.*

AIR—"*The last Rose of Summer.*"

'Tis the last sup of whiskey
Left here all alone!
All the rest of the bottle
Is cleaned out and gone.
(pauses.)

I'll not leave thee, thou lone drop!
'Twould be mighty unkind,
Since the rest I have swallow'd,
To leave thee behind.
(drinks.)

Dan. By all that's bad, I'm thinking
That I've been drinking;
For all the ground
Is turning round,
And every star is winking!—
And then what's this?—I thought that I most truly
Knew every inch of sod round Ballyhooly;
But now I find that—an unlucky dog!
I've lost myself in this unruly bog,
And cannot jog
A single step—but stick just like a log.
O Hulla—Hulla—goane!
Bad luck to you, above all bogs that ever yet were known!
But grief's no good—I'll sit upon this stone!

(Sings.)—

Good liquor—good liquor
Makes the heart to beat quicker,
And the blood to flow thicker,
Good liquor, good liquor!

From black-jack of leather,
Cow-horn, cup, or mether,
Let good men drink together
Their liquor, their liquor!

Though foot and tongue falter,
Poh! why should I palter?
For all shrinkers a halter!
No liquor, no liquor!

They who leave it behind 'em,
A rope's-end may find 'em;
So I'll drink, and not mind 'em,
My liquor, my liquor!
(Sits, and lifts the bottle to his lips.)

My bottle's out—the times are rather odd;
The moon is reeling, and the mountains nod!
(Sings himself to sleep.)

Some grave, and some gay "*Poems, by Thomas Gent*"—several of which had previously acquired popularity in the periodicals of the day—are, from their quiet and graceful simplicity, entitled to a niche in the critical department of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. We quote some stanzas entitled The Heliotrope:—

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour!
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower!

NOVELISTS.

As we have repeatedly had occasion to observe, the past season—if it be yet past—has been more than usually prolific in works of fiction; many of them, if not of the highest class, far above mediocrity. The principal, we believe, have been already noticed in our regular monthly views; but there are yet some that we have slightly to mention.

"*The Night Watch, or Tales of the Sea,*" in two volumes, is evidently, as it purports to be, the work of a sailor; of one who is completely *at home* on the watery element, and as completely *abroad* when on shore. His nautical sketches are spirited and graphical in an eminent degree; but, unluckily, we cannot hit upon a single excerpt, sufficiently isolated in its character, at once to gratify the reader, and to render justice to the author. We can,

therefore, only say, that to those who are partial to productions of this class, a perusal of the work will afford abundant gratification.

"*The Confessions of an Old Maid,*" in three volumes, are not deficient in amusement; but we doubt—or rather we do not doubt—their being the veritable production of one of the sisterhood.

An interesting tale, the vehicle of yet more interesting information, presents itself in a volume, bearing the title of "*Sophia de Lissau, or a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century; being an Outline of their Religious and Domestic Habits, with explanatory Notes, by the Author of Elizabeth Allen, or the Faithful Servant.*" To those who have not made the subject their study, the views here given of the manners and customs, religious rites and ceremonies of the Jews, will possess all the charm of novelty. We shall select one or two brief passages; and, first of marriage:—

The nuptial canopy is composed, in general, of crimson velvet; it is square, and supported at each corner by four of the persons present; a piece of carpet is spread beneath it, and the bridegroom and bride, the rabbi, and all concerned in the ceremony, stand under it, while the contract is read, &c. It is deposited at the synagogue, and is brought to the house where the wedding is celebrated by the servants of the synagogue, and carried back as soon as the ceremony is over.

* * * * *

The marriage ceremony is always celebrated with splendour and show by the Jews; nor are the poorest among them exempt from this custom. As every guest brings a present, chiefly consisting of plate, according to ability, the lower orders, especially, are anxious to invite as many as possible on that account; for which purpose they generally hire a public room, to accommodate such a large assemblage; and not unfrequently, when the wedded pair are very poor, these gifts are disposed of immediately, to defray the expense of the feast, and assist the young couple in house-keeping. A friend, on whom dependance can be placed, is stationed near the entrance of the apartment, to receive the presents of the guests, as they arrive; another writes down each person's name, and their gift, which is instantly deposited in a chest; and, after all invited have arrived, it is locked and put in a place of safety. If any person invited is prevented attending, this circumstance does not prevent their gifts from being regularly sent in their names; but those who are merely invited to tea and dance, are not expected to bring any present. It may here be observed, that the Jews consider it a highly meritorious act to promote marriage, or in any way to assist in its celebration; but those who are in their year of mourning for a near relative may not attend a wedding-feast, nor be seen where music or cards form any part of the entertainment. Wednesday is the day on which the Jews celebrate their marriages, and a second ball on Thursday evening concludes the feast; but if either of the party have been previously married, Sunday is the day chosen, and music and dancing form no part of the entertainment. The choice of Wednesday for the above purpose still continues among the Jews; but, like many other of their observances, the original cause for selecting that day has long ceased to exist, and had its origin simply because, as the Sanhedrin held its sitting on Thursday, the newly married man could immediately bring his wife before them, if he had any ground of complaint.

A Jewish funeral is described with yet more of picturesque detail; but we can venture only upon the close of the passage. The body, in its grave-clothes, having been placed in the plain deal shell prepared for its reception—the lid fastened—and removed to a lower apartment, into which the near relatives were led to perform the ceremony of rending their garments over the deceased—

An aged Jew, whose province it was, then advanced, and, in audible accents, renounced, in the name of his relatives, friends, and, lastly, of all Israel, any farther connexion with the departed, either here or hereafter. The body was then lifted into the hearse, and followed by various friends, and by the religious societies he had formerly belonged to, and lowered into a grave, which his nearest relatives first assisted to fill, and which was then closed to open no more, as more than one corpse is never laid in the same grave. When the procession returned, a meal of eggs, boiled hard, with salt, was laid before the mourners, who kindled a light of pure olive oil, which was kept burning during the seven days of close mourning, and which was lighted up on the anniversary day of death, as long as the departed had a near relative living. These seven days are observed by the family sitting on the ground, with rent garments and dishevelled hair, while their friends come to condole with them on their loss; ten Jews regularly attend, morning and evening, to recite prayers. The bereaved relatives wear their beards unshaved for thirty complete days; and the sons of a departed Jew at-

tend morning worship eleven months, with scrupulous exactness, to recite certain prayers deemed requisite to facilitate the entrance of the soul into final happiness.

In the rage for autobiography why should we not be indulged with the autobiography of a tailor? Accordingly, we have "*The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith; written by Himself.*" For this eminently amusing *jeu d'esprit*, the public are indebted, we believe, to Mr. Moir, the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine, in which publication some portions of the work appeared previously to its assuming the form of a volume. Its humour is quiet, yet fresh, natural, and in the highest degree characteristic. This will be sufficiently shewn by a single extract—all that our limits will allow—in which the autobiographist sketches his own portrait, and tells us how he felt and acted the first time that he was in love:—

Having come into the world before my time, and being of a pale face, and delicate make, Nature never could have intended me for the naval or military line, or for any robustious trade or profession whatsoever. No, no—I never liked fighting in my life; peace was aye in my thoughts. When there was any riot in the streets, I fled, and scougged myself at the chumley-lug as quickly as I dowed; and, rather than double a nieve to a schoolfellow, I pocketed many shabby epithets, got my paiks, and took the coucher's blow from laddies that could hardly reach up to my waistband.

Just after I was put to my 'prenticeship, having made free choice of the tailoring trade, I had a terrible stound of calf-love. Never shall I forget it. I was growing up, long and lank as a willow-wand. Brawns to my legs there were none, as my trowsers of other years too visibly affected to shew. The long yellow hair hung down, like a flax wig, the length of my lantern jaws, which looked, notwithstanding my yapness and stiff appetite, as if eating and they had broken up acquaintanceship. My blue jacket seemed in the sleeves to have picked a quarrel with the wrists, and had retreated to a tait below the elbows. The haunch-buttons, on the contrary, appeared to have taken a strong liking to the shoulders, a little below which they shewed their tarnished brightness. At the middle of the back, the tails terminated, leaving the well-worn rear of my corduroys, like a full moon seen through a dark haze. Oh! but I must have been a bonny lad!

My first flame was the minister's lassie, Jess, a buxom and forward quean, two or three years older than myself. I used to sit looking at her in the kirk, and felt a droll confusion when our een met. It dirled through my heart like a dart, and I looked down at my psalm-book sheepish and blushing. Fain would I have spoken to her, but it would not do; my courage aye failed me at the pinch, though she whiles gave me a smile when she passed me. She used to go to the well every night with her twa stoups, to draw water after the manner of the Israelites at gloaming; so I thought of watching to give her the two apples which I had carried in my pouch for more than a week for that purpose. How she laughed when I stappit them into her hand, and brushed bye without speaking! I stood at the bottom of the close, listening, and heard her laughing till she was like to split. My heart flap-flappit in my breast like a pair of fanners. It was a moment of heavenly hope; but I saw Jamie Coom, the blacksmith, who I aye jealoused was my rival, coming down to the well. I saw her give him one of the apples; and hearing him say, with a loud gaffaw, "Where is the tailor?" I took to my heels, and never stopped till I found myself on the little stool by the fireside, and the hamely sound of my mother's wheel bum-bumming in my lug, like a gentle lullaby.

Two volumes of "*Tales of the West, by the Author of Letters from the East,*" offer a rich banquet to the lovers of the tender, the romantic, the imaginative in fiction. The scenes of these tales, seven in number, are laid in Cornwall, a part of our island to which little attention has hitherto been paid by novelists, although it abounds with the richest, the wildest, and the most sublime material. Mr. Carne, the author of these elegantly-written tales, has shewn himself fully sensible of the value of the mine he has opened—fully capable of employing its contents to every requisite advantage. We cordially recommend these volumes to the notice of our readers.

THE FINE ARTS.

We have the pleasure of announcing the completion of a truly elegant and truly valuable work—"*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, &c. &c., with considerable Additions; by the Rev. James Dallaway,*" in five royal octavo volumes, uniform with Park's edition of "Royal and Noble Authors." Every connoisseur, and every amateur, also, are acquainted with the original work, in seven little quarto volumes, printed at Lord Orford's

private press, at Strawberry Hill. Some time since, Mr. Dallaway, already distinguished in the world of art as the author of a production entitled, "The Sculpture and Painting of the Ancients," undertook the editorship of a new edition of Walpole's book; and it is barely justice to say, that he has executed his task in the most creditable and satisfactory manner. He has carefully revised the text, furnished many original notes (keeping his own matter distinct from Lord Orford's, by means of brackets) and thrown the whole into a very handsome form. Independently of some fine wood-cuts, the graphic embellishments of the work are—as may be inferred from the names of W. Finden, Worthington, Watt, Gibbon, Cooke, &c. —of a high order of excellence.

EDUCATION.

Amongst works of education of the higher class, we have to mention "*Elements of Rhetoric, by W. Whately, D.D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford.*" This is the soundest and clearest work —distinguished by unusual vigour and closeness of reasoning—that we ever read upon the subject.

Notwithstanding all that has been written by envious and malignant critics—by rival grammarians and lexicographers—we are decidedly of opinion, that, in Johnson's "*Dictionary of the English Language,*" "the critical reader will find the errors few, when the magnitude of the work is considered; unimportant, when compared with the value of the quantity of knowledge conveyed. The uncritical reader will find it a manual (as we may now call it) on which he may rely for ample information on every point which can require it. He will find it a work of great industry and great knowledge; a work which, more than any other since the common translation of the bible, has tended to fix the English language. He will find it a treasure of his native tongue, stored up by one of its greatest masters, by one of the greatest minds that ever adorned his country, at a period when, having produced works which genius, or taste, or wit, or erudition, have rendered immortal, the language of England had become classical."—These remarks are by the editor of a new edition of the work referred to—an edition which, in *one volume octavo*, of 1,369 pages, is "stereotyped, *verbatim*, from the last folio edition corrected by the doctor." The page, remarkable for the typographical beauty of its execution, is divided into three columns. Its portability will render it eminently desirable for the library-table, as well as for the school-room. In the preface, Johnson is ably defended against the aspersions of Horne Tooke; and the merits also of Todd, Richardson, and other lexicographers, are discussed at considerable length.

Judiciously to abridge an extensive work—to compress the essence of a formidable folio within a moderate-sized duodecimo—is a task of infinitely greater difficulty than is generally imagined. Perhaps Goldsmith's—erroneously called *Dr.* Goldsmith's—England, is one of the best specimens extant of the art of abridgment; and, from time to time, it has been reprinted, with additions and continuations out of number. The newest, we believe, is—"*Dr. Goldsmith's Abridgment of the History of England, with a Continuation till* 1828, *and Questions for Examination at the end of each Section, for the Use of Schools and private Students; to which is added a Chapter on the British Constitution, &c.; by Robert Simpson.*" Amongst other points, Goldsmith's work was remarkable for the justness of its proportions; a system from which Mr. Simpson has thought proper to deviate; as, in his continuation, the reigns of George III. and IV. are written upon a scale of vastly greater dimensions than the other parts of the history.

"*A History of France; with Conversations at the end of each Chapter; by Mrs. Markham, Author of the History of England; for the Use of Young Persons,*" in two volumes, 12mo., may be deemed an improvement upon the author's former very clever little work. A well condensed History of France had long been wanted; and Mrs. Markham has shewn herself in full possession of all the requisites for its production. Her proportions, as well as those of *Goldsmith*, are well preserved; and, in a neat, correct, and pleasing style, she has succeeded in conveying all the pith and marrow of her subject.

For the inculcation of noble and generous sentiments, a small volume, entitled "*Hugh Latimer, or the School Boys' Friendship, by Susanna Strickland, Author of The Little Prisoner, Rowland Massingham, Prejudice and Principle,*" &c., may be safely recommended to the rising generation. In common with the other productions for youth, by this lady, Hugh Latimer combines instruction with amusement, and is written in a high tone of feeling that does honour to the author, and cannot fail of having the most beneficial effects upon the mind of the reader.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under this non-descript head, we must briefly dispose of numerous works, very dissimilar in character. The first to which we shall advert, is a thin volume, entitled "*Military Reflections on Turkey; by Baron Von Valentini, Major General in the Prussian Service.*" At a time like the present, when notions are entertained of a war between Russia and Turkey—involving, perhaps, also, the relations of other states—these "Reflections," translated from the third volume of Valentini's Treatise on the Art of War, will prove acceptable, not only to the military reader, but to all who are desirous of obtaining information respecting the character and conduct of the Turks in a state of warfare, their military discipline, the operations which might, with most propriety, be taken against them, &c.

Of the feelings on the subject of the Ottoman Porte respecting a war with Russia, the following passage is not incurious:—

> Russia is the most formidable enemy of the Turks, not only from her actual superiority, but from the opinion generally entertained among that people. In conformity with an ancient prophecy, the Turks consider it as doomed by their immutable destiny, that they will be driven out of Europe by a neighbouring people, whom they believe to be the Russians, and whose sovereign will enter their capital in triumph. The idea of returning, at some future period, to Asia, whence they came, is tolerably familiar to the most enlightened among them, and they even appear to consider their establishment in Europe as nothing more than an encampment. We may therefore easily conceive that they do not enter the field against Russia with that joyful ardour which is inspired by a presentiment of victory. The great disadvantage of their relative position with Russia appears from the fact, that, since the time of Peter the Great, they have never been the aggressors in any war with that power.

From this little volume, we could present numerous excerpts, amusing, as well as instructive; but we must confine ourselves to the following:—

> The superiority of the Turks in the use of the sabre is founded partly on the quality of the weapon itself, and partly on their what may be termed *national* dexterity in handling it. The Turkish sabre, which is wrought out of fine iron wire, in the hand of one of our powerful labourers, would perhaps break to pieces like glass at the first blow. The Turk, on the contrary, who gives rather a *cut*, than a blow, makes it penetrate through helmet, cuirass, &c., and separates in a moment the head or the limbs from the body. Hence we seldom hear of *slight* wounds in an action of cavalry with Turks. It is a well-known fact in the Russian army, that a Colonel, who was in front of his regiment, seeing the Spahis make an unexpected attack upon him, drew his sabre, and was going to command his men to do the same, when, at the first word *draw*, his head was severed from his body. The highly-tempered Turkish sabres will fetch a price of from ten to a hundred ducats, even when they are not of fine metal. But, as Scanderbeg said, such a sabre only produces its effect when in the hand of him who knows how to use it. It is related that, at the storming of Ismael, a brave foreigner, who served as a volunteer in the Russian army, and who was most actively engaged in the *mêlée*, broke in pieces several Turkish sabres, and constantly armed himself with a fresh one taken from the Turks who were slain. The substance from which these valuable sabres are wrought, is called *taban*; and they are proved to be genuine, when they admit of being written upon with a ducat or any other piece of fine gold.

A quarto volume of "*Letters from the late Lord Chedworth to the Rev. Thomas Compton, written in the period from January 1780, to May 1795,*" will be perused with avidity by all who may have happened to possess a personal acquaintance with the noble and very eccentric writer. Lord Chedworth is known to have been a man of strangely-organised mind, but of considerable learning, of extensive information, devotedly attached to the drama, and no mean patron of the "poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage." To many of our theatrical readers, especially those of the old school—those who

have recollections of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Siddons, "Gentleman Smith," Henderson, John Kemble, &c.—the two passages which we are about to transcribe will prove more than slightly interesting. The first, written in December, 1782, is as follows:—

I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Siddons twice that week, viz. in *Isabella* and *Jane Shore*. I think very highly of her; but I find the general opinion is, that her last act of *Jane Shore* is inferior to Mrs. Yates's—an opinion to which I readily subscribe, though at the same time I think Mrs. Siddons's very good, and there were one or two great strokes: but Mrs. Yates gave (in my apprehension) a more perfect idea of a woman dying by hunger. She was much more feeble, and looked as if nature were really exhausted; Mrs. Siddons stood more firmly on her legs. Her *Isabella* pleased me wonderfully; the play is, in my opinion, a very fine one. Mr. Smith was very bad in *Biron*; his *Lord Hastings* was indisputably better than Lewis's; you would laugh were I to say it pleased me better than Henderson's; at the same time I do not think it capital, but, excepting the part of *Iachimo*, I have not often seen him better in tragedy. Mr. Henderson is not, in my opinion, a *great* tragedian: he always plays like a man of sense; but his execution frequently falls short of his conception, which is usually just, except when he attempts to give a new sense to his author, by an emphasis, punctuation, or mode of expression, different from that which is generally received; his deportment is far from elegant: the gentleman was, in my opinion, by no means unhappy, who called him a Birmingham Garrick. I think comedy his forte; his *Benedick*, *Don John*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, are in the highest degree excellent: his conception of *Falstaff* is very different from mine. I conceive it just as Holland does, who, of course I think, plays it very well:

"——— sapit et mecum facit."

The next was written in November, 1783:—

I saw Mrs. Crawford make her first appearance, of which I only say, that she expressed more salt water from my eyes than ever Mrs. Siddons did. Henderson's *Old Norval* was incomparably fine. Mr. Twiss says that Aickin was very bad in *Glenalvon*; I can only say that he conceives the character very much as I do, and speaks it very much as I should. There is a certain shrewdness, and a sort of humour, in the character, which he seems to have hit off not badly. Kemble's *Sir Giles Overreach* had a good deal of merit. Though there were passages in his *Hamlet* highly laudable, yet I cannot but think he is

"Infelix operis summâ,"

though I will not predicate this of every one,

"——— qui ponere *totum*
Nesciet."

* * * * * *

I know that it is in vain to expect uniform and unvarying excellence in any human performance—"every part cannot be best;" but I think the defects of his *Hamlet* outweigh its excellencies. He is finical, laborious, stiff, and unnatural, perpetually hunting after new meanings in his author, by pointing and emphases different from those commonly received (which, in my opinion, nineteen times out of twenty are right), and seems to dread nothing so much as to be deemed a servile imitator of Mr. Garrick. I have seen the last-mentioned gentleman play *Hamlet*, which he did very differently from Mr. Kemble: if Mr. Kemble is right, Garrick was wrong; but I confess that I incline to Garrick. Novelty is the *ignis fatuus* which leads Kemble astray: servility in copying is bad; even Garrick at second-hand, Churchill declares to be intolerable; but shall a man abstain from a mode of speaking or acting, merely because it has been used before? * * * * *

Mr. Kemble displays more ingenuity, in my mind, than taste or solidity of judgment. He has many tricks to raise claps, and one, particularly, which I cannot but reprobate, of pausing when there is no pause in the sense, in order to give the subsequent words more force and effect.

Aware that La Belle Assemblee is extensively patronised in India, and by those who have connexions, civil and military, we feel it a duty incumbent upon us to mention—all that we can pretend to do—the recent publication, in quarto, of the first volume of "*Researches into the Causes, Nature, and Treatment of the more prevalent Diseases of India and of Warm Climates, generally; illustrated with Cases, Post Mortem Examinations, and numerous Coloured Engravings of Morbid Structures: by James Annesley, Esq., of the Madras Medical Establishment, &c.*" Mr. Annesley was in extensive practice in different parts of India, for the long period of nearly twenty-five years; and, as he made and preserved his notes, during that time, with the utmost regularity, he collected a mass of valuable information. A portion of this information is admirably arranged in the volume before us, which has the ad-

ditional recommendation of being brought out in the handsomest style of typography and embellishment.

Turning from the *East* to the *West*, such of our friends as may feel interested in views of society and manners, habits and customs, as they exist in our West Indian Colonial possessions, will be gratified by a perusal of "*Marly, or a Planter's Life in Jamaica.*" The hero of the volume is a young Scotch adventurer; who, in quest of fortune, commences his career at Jamaica, in the humble capacity of a book-keeper. A slight, and not very well conducted, tale of fiction, constitutes the medium through which considerable information is conveyed. From necessity, however, we confine ourselves to two very short extracts:—

It is a curious and remarkable circumstance, but not the less true, that the Maroons, by means of cow horns, can call any one of their company by name, and also can carry on a degree of correspondence at a very considerable distance, with this rude and simple instrument, by diversifying the blasts to such a wonderful degree, as, if related, would be deemed incredible by most mankind.

To understand the different grades of negroes, people of colour, &c., these points are worth attending to:—

A Samboe is the nighest remove from black, being the child of a Mulattoe father, and Negro woman, or *vice versâ*. A Mulattoe is the child of a white man by a Negress. A Quadroon is the child of a Mulattoe mother, by a white father. The child of a Quadroon by a white man, is a Mustee. The child of a white man by a Mustee woman is a Mustiphini. The child of a Mustiphini by a white father, is a Quintroon; and the child of a Quintroon woman by a white is free by law. Some authors, who have treated on the West Indies, do not count so far; but the writer of this has seen more than one family of Quintroons by Mustiphini mothers in a state of slavery; which, of course, would not have been the case, had they been those persons called white by law.

The collectors of works relating to our great bard, will be pleased with an opportunity of placing upon their shelves "*Memorials of Shakspeare, or Sketches of his Character and Genius, by various Writers, now first collected; with a Prefatory and Concluding Essay and Notes; by Nathan Drake, M.D., H.A.L., Author of 'Shakspeare and his Times,' &c., forming a valuable accompaniment to every Edition of the Poet.*" In this volume, Schlegel, Goëthe, Schiller, Coleridge, the respective writers in the Retrospective and Edinburgh Reviews, and many others of the critical tribe, are very successfully laid under contribution. The amiable feelings, the mild, christian, and scholastic spirit of Dr. Drake never desert him.

Another of our old favourites, whose poetry, at least, is always gentleness and peace, has lately produced a volume of much agreeable variety, under the not very attractive title of "*The Parochial History of Bremhill, in the County of Wilts, &c., by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, A.M.*" Topography is always delightful when knowledge, leisure, and talent combine to favour the writer. This has been eminently the case in the work before us. Mr. Bowles is the vicar of Bremhill, a parish romantic no less in its scenery than in its history. Preferring verse to prose, however, in the present instance, all that we shall quote from it are the subjoined lines on Lockeswell Spring, in the vicinity of Stanley Abbey:—

Pure fount, that, welling from this wooded hill,
Dost wander forth, as into life's wide vale,
Thou to the traveller dost tell no tale
Of other years; a lone, unnoticed rill,
In thy forsaken track, unheard of men,
Making thy own wild music through the glen.

Time was when other sounds and songs arose—
When o'er the pensive scene, at evening's close
The distant bell was heard, or the full chaunt
At morn came sounding high and jubilant;
Or, stealing on the wilder'd pilgrim's way,
The moonlight *miserere* died away,
Like all things earthly———
Stranger, mark the spot—
No echoes of the chiding world intrude—
The structure rose, and vanish'd—solitude
Possess'd the woods again—old Time forgot,
Passing to wider spoil, its place and name.
Since then, ev'n as the clouds of yesterday,
Seven hundred years have well nigh pass'd away:
No wreck remains of all its early pride;
Like its own orisons, its fame has died.

But this pure fount, through rolling years the same,
Yet lifts its small still voice, like penitence
Or lowly pray'r. Thou, pass, admonish'd hence,
Happy, thrice happy, is, through good or ill,
Christian, thy heart respond to this forsaken rill.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

La Belle Assemblée,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VIII.

SKETCH
OF THE PROGRESS AND STATE OF LITERATURE,
FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

HISTORY.

It is somewhat remarkable that, of four historical performances, now upon our table, three relate to nearly the same period of English history, and the fourth is connected with that period. The first is, "*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, of England; by J. D'Israeli,*" in two volumes octavo; the second, Godwin's concluding fourth octavo of the "*History of the Commonwealth of England, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second;*" the third, a quarto of "*Historical Sketches of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and the Principal Persons of that Period, &c., by W. D. Fellowes, Esq.;*" the fourth, in octavo, "*A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second, to the French Revolution.*"

A finer subject—a subject that has never yet been done justice to—for the pen of the philosophical historian, than that of the life and times—more especially the former—of Charles the First, could not possibly be selected. We have long been in possession of an abundance of historical facts; but, thoroughly to understand the character and conduct of the King, it is necessary that those facts should be traced to their sources—that we should be made acquainted with the secret springs of action, of which we have seen only the results. The first point to be considered—so at least it has always appeared to us—is the proposition, that Charles's virtues and energies were all his own, his vices and his weaknesses were all his father's. An inquiry, therefore, into the character of Charles the First necessarily involves an inquiry into that of James the First. As a man of extensive reading, of indefatigable research, and possessing a keen spirit of investigation, perhaps it would be difficult to find a writer so competent to the task as Mr. D'Israeli. If deficient at all, his deficiency is in philosophical feeling, in philosophical reasoning. On this point, however, we are not prepared to decide in the affirmative.

Much has been said and written upon the impartiality of historians. All the impartiality which moral integrity can give, we are entitled to expect from every one who undertakes to lay before his contemporaries and posterity the history of past or of present times. But every man,

unless he be a stoic by nature, must have a political bias; consequently, though his most anxious desire may be the attainment of truth, his representations will unavoidably be influenced, more or less, by the political principles which he may have adopted. Mr. D'Israeli attempts not to conceal that he is in spirit a Jacobite, a royalist, and a high churchman. This is at once honest and honourable.

Mr. D'Israeli's two volumes comprise only about four years of the life of King Charles. He appears to be fully aware of the difficulties which he had, and yet has, to encounter. After adverting, in terms of praise, to some, and of censure, to others, amongst our own historians, he turns to those of France—Guizot Villemain, Victor Hugo, Mazure, &c.; and then very happily observes—

Will these ingenious and animated French writers pardon me when I assert that French historians must ever remain incompetent to the task of writing on the critical and impassioned times of our Charles the First; for them it is a difficulty as insurmountable as the idiom of Shakspeare. It is not by following closely the great authorities of our history, as Clarendon, Whitelocke, and Rushworth, that Frenchmen can acquire the intimate knowledge, and catch the sympathy of an English writer. Researches, which must escape the notice of him who is not a native; shades of truth, which may colour the style of a writer; secret history, which corrects so many errors of the individual, and so many prejudices of the populace—even the character and situation of the writer of a volume, or of a letter, which may be as necessary as any information they may contain—all this minuter knowledge in the trepidations of the scales of research will be found to have more weight than size. The results of a sagacious historian are as much the work of delicacy as of labour. In the present state of historical inquiry, when all the prominent events of history are familiar to us, these alone can create that critical spirit which searches into the obscure, strikes out novelty from the old, and fixes in certitude what before floated in conjecture and doubt.

We have been pleased with Mr. D'Israeli's sketch of the character of the unfortunate Charles:—

The characteristic of the mind of Charles the First was that inflexible firmness to which we attach the idea of strength of character. Constancy of purpose, perseverance to obtain it, and fortitude to suffer for it—this is the beautiful unity of a strong character. We should, however, observe, that this strength of character is not necessarily associated with the most comprehensive understanding, any more than the most comprehensive understanding is necessarily supported by this moral force. Hence, the stronger the character of the man, the stronger may be its errors, and thus its very strength may become its greatest infirmity. In speculating upon the life of Charles the First, through all the stages of his varied existence, from the throne to the scaffold, we may discover the same intellectual and moral being. Humiliated by fortune beneath the humblest of his people, the king himself remained unchanged; and whether we come to reproach or to sympathise, something of pity and terror must blend with the story of a noble mind wrestling with unconquerable fate.

The succeeding passage shows him in a different, yet equally correct light:—

The more delighful arts he pursued with intense pleasure; for this monarch was not only a lover of art, but could himself have aspired to the honours of an artist. These, however, had not absorbed his studies. The library of St. James's, before the civil wars, contained a manuscript volume, which Charles in his youth had presented to his father, consisting of his literary collections and other epitomes, the fruits of juvenile studies. But these philosophical and ingenious pursuits have been barbarously censured as mean and trivial in a monarch. The arts and sciences were considered by the rigid puritanic politicians merely as sources of emolument for the mechanics who professed them. The intellectual part of these studies—the meditation, and the elegance and the knowledge which discipline the mind in the progress of invention, had never rectified their crude principles, softened their harsh tempers, or illumined their dark minds. These studies, not unworthy of a sovereign, would have reflected his tastes among a people whose fanaticism had so long persecuted the finer arts; and our nation would not have suffered the reproach of foreign critics, who, ignorant of our history, ventured to assign the natural causes which, as they imagined, incapacitated us from excelling in the practice of the arts of imagination and sensibility. Charles the First, had it been his happiness to have reigned in peace, would have anticipated by a century the glory of English art.

Were we to consult our inclination, we should accompany Mr. D'Israeli through his curious, interesting, and valuable volumes, but we are warned, by the narrowness of our limits, to proceed.

It will be recollected that Mr. Godwin, when he commenced his History of the Commonwealth, laid great stress upon the determined, the stoical impartiality which it was his intention to pursue. Giving Mr. Godwin full credit for integrity of intention, and for confidence in his own powers, we could not but smile at the idea; for, as we have already remarked, it is impossible for a man's writings not to bear the hue of his principles. Mr. Godwin has been notoriously republican in principle; therefore it was quite as natural for him—quite as inevitable for him—to eulogise the Protector, as for Mr. D'Israeli to eulogise the monarch. Let the reader take the following sketch of Cromwell, and then decide whether the royalist or the republican have given the higher colouring to his subject:—

Perhaps the only portrait of Cromwell that presents to us an image of his mind, is the miniature by Cooper, of which there is a good print in the early copies of Kimber's Life of the Protector, published in 1724. The eye is steady, vigilant, resolute, pregnant with observation. The lips are compressed and firm, yet visibly adapted to convey emotion and feeling. The brow is large, and indicative of a capacious spirit. Authority is in every feature, without assumption, without affectation; and there is a grave and composed air over the whole, that speak the early religious habits of his mind. There is somewhat in the aspect that impresses awe on the beholder, at the same time that we are unable to assign to ourselves a reason why we should be afraid. We observe power, but nothing that bespeaks a tendency to the improper use of it. We observe superiority, not imperious, but unalterable and calm. There is no improbability in the supposition that Milton, in describing the person of our first parent, had that of Cromwell in his recollection:—

In his looks divine
The image of his glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Whence true authority in men—
This fair large front, and eyes sublime, declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forehead manly hung
Clustering, yet not beneath his shoulders broad.

Notwithstanding Mr. Godwin's political leanings, we sincerely congratulate him and the public on the completion of his elaborate and really excellent work—a work which throws new light upon many important facts belonging to the history of the period which it has been his aim to illustrate.

To Mr. Fellowes's publication, we can accord but little praise. With upwards of fifty lithographic plates, however, it contains a huge mass of materials gleaned from all quarters, some of which, if destitute of novelty, cannot be altogether without interest.

The Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution, is a production of a very different class: it is equally rich in amusement and in information. We must, however, content ourselves with one brief extract, illustrating the education, and accomplishments, of our women in the reign of Charles the Second:—

It might seem that the accomplishments, and the various modes of occupying time, universally taught to our young women now, would have been more usefully and necessarily bestowed at a period when the whole female sex lived so much more in seclusion, both from the interruptions and from the improvement arising from worldly society. Certain it is, that, generally speaking, they possessed few of the means of self-amusement, now in the hands of almost all the world. Music was cultivated by none but those whose strong natural taste, and talent for it, made them overcome all obstacles in its pursuit. Drawing, or any taste for the fine arts, seems never to have been thought of, either as an employment of the hands, or as a cultivation of the mind; although such a taste is, perhaps, the more peculiarly desirable for women, because it furnishes a source of conversation free from scandal, and from all idle and vulgar inquiries into the affairs of others. No woman, really possessing such a taste, will ever be a gossip. Reading, except for some express purpose, was hardly esteemed an amusement, among the young men of the world, far less among the young women. The romances of the day, unlike the modern furniture of a circulating library, were serious voluminous works, whose perusal was scarcely undertaken except by those who had a turn for study, and solitary occupations, in the long leisure of a country life. The divine poetry of Milton (as has been justly observed by a modern critic) was little celebrated, not from an absence of taste, but from a paucity of readers. Letter-writing, according to modern habits, was little practised for many years after this period. In spite, therefore, of the numberless tapestry chairs, carpets, beds and hangings, now for the most part discarded in rage from the

garrets of their grand-daughters, an unsatisfied curiosity yet remains, as to the amusements of the younger women, whose fortune and rank elevated them above the common every day household cares of existence. The private letters of the times, yet preserved, for the very reasons above mentioned, furnish us with little information. Those that are not written expressly on some family business, evince none of the ease in composition, so necessary for familiar details. They all betray a great ignorance of the language, of its grammar, and its spelling, and often a want of facility in the mechanical part of writing, which proves how little it was practised.

Whatever may be said respecting the march of intellect, it must readily be admitted that the present system forms a glorious contrast with that which is described above.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the first volume of "*Parriana, or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D., collected from Various Sources, printed and manuscript, and in part written by E. H. Barker, Esq., of Thetford, Norfolk,*" and from the second volume of "*Memoirs of the Rev. S. Parr, LL.D., by the Rev. W. Field,* the admirers of the distinguished individual to whom they relate may gain much additional information, though of a character but slightly important.

Two volumes of "*Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru, &c.,*" furnish a variety of interesting anecdotes and details respecting the contest for South American independence.

In a single volume of "*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, &c.,*" we find a rich and varied treat of light reading, in the form of anecdote, conversation, and character. From the agreeable *mélange,* however, we can find room for only one little excerpt—an account of the first meeting of Madame De Staël and M. Rocca:—

It was in 1808 that Madame De Staël saw, for the first time, M. Rocca, whom she afterwards married. M. Hottinger, a rich banker at Geneva, gave a splendid ball, to celebrate the marriage of a friend. M. Rocca, who had come to Geneva, his native place, to see his family, went to the ball in a hussar's uniform, and set off next day for Spain. I was dancing with him when Madame De Staël entered, followed, as usual, by a numerous train. She was richly, but not advantageously dressed. "Is that the woman so much talked of?" said M. Rocca to me; "she is very ugly, and I detest her anxiety for effect." "She is so accustomed to homage, that it does not prevent her from remaining kind and condescending." "Oh! all that you can tell me about her good qualities will not persuade me that she is right to come attended by a whole brigade; and certainly *I* will never figure in the troop of slaves who follow her." Madame De Staël was struck with M. Rocca's fine countenance, which was rather improved than disfigured by a large scar. He was very young, and already decorated with the order of the legion of honour. These two proofs of brilliant courage naturally engaged the attention of a woman so passionately fond of glory. After some moments, however, finding that M. Rocca did not approach her, she took it in dudgeon, and observed, "That he was tolerable, but that his self-sufficient air displeased her exceedingly." Nevertheless, this indifference on his part, to which she was not at all accustomed from any one, was, perhaps, precisely the reason why, at a future period, she took so much trouble about a man, who became dear enough to her to induce her to change a name which she had rendered so illustrious. Some years afterwards, M. Rocca returned to Geneva, covered with wounds. His sufferings added to the interest which he excited; and he was happy enough to induce this extraordinary woman to accept the proofs which he gave of the passion he had conceived for her, and finally to marry him. He could not survive her loss, but died a few months after her.

We have before us, in translation from the French, four large octavo volumes of "*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, written by himself, illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon.*" This work, which, for various reasons, every one ought to read, abounds with the grossest misrepresentations, and the most abominable calumnies and falsehoods; in fact, it is exactly such a work as was to be expected from such a man as General Savary—the sanguinary and remorseless tool of a sanguinary and remorseless tyrant. As we have said, however, it demands universal perusal; for, in defending, bolstering up, and extolling to the skies the character of Buonaparte, it, undesignedly, lets in floods of light upon the career of crime which was pursued by that individual. The book is a curious and extraordinary production.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The "*Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years*

1825, 6, *and 7; by John Franklin, Captain, R.N., F.R.S., &c., including an Account of the Progress of a Detachment to the Eastward, by Dr. Richardson, &c.,*" has some time been published. As, however, the route of Captain Franklin, with the general tenour of his services on this expedition, has long been known, and as the work presents little that would satisfactorily come within our compass of extract, we must content ourselves with recording its appearance, and with remarking that the volume is illustrated by valuable maps, and numerous plates; the latter of which are engraved by Finden, from drawings by Captain Back and Mr. Kendall. This very handsome quarto forms an important and almost indispensable addition to the preceding narratives of other arctic expeditions.

A remarkably interesting and well-timed work presents itself in a "*Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., M.R.I.A.; with Maps, Plates, &c.,*" and Chaplain to Lord Strangford, the British Ambassador at the Ottoman Court. Independently of its intrinsic merits, which are of a high order, we have termed this a well-timed production, in consequence of the light which it is calculated to throw upon the contest now raging between the Turks and the Russians. We shall not attempt to follow the reverend and learned author in his journey; nor shall we even pause to analyse or to comment upon any of his numerous and important statements, anxious as we are to appropriate all the space in our power to convey portions of his information. The first point that we shall introduce is, the aspect of the country in the immediate vicinity of the Turkish capital:—

The first and most striking impression was the exceeding solitude that reigned every where around. We were within a few hundred yards of the walls of an immense metropolis, where 700,000 people lived together; but if we were the same distance only from the ruins of Palmyra, we could not have witnessed more silence and desolation. The usual villas which are scattered near the suburbs of a large city were not to be seen, and the crowds which generally throng the entrance, no where to be met with. A single team of buffaloes, dragging an aruba, or a solitary horseman scarcely visible on the horizon, were the only objects that indicated the existence of social life close by the great city. Nothing, perhaps, marks the indolence and inactivity of the Turkish character more than this circumstance. The shores of the Bosphorus are very populous, and from Constantinople to near the Black Sea is one continued village. The intercourse is proportionably great, and the surface of the water is a moving picture of boats passing and repassing. This mode of motion is peculiarly adapted to oriental indolence. The Turk reclines on a cushion, smoking his pipe, and is carried the distance he wants to go without exertion or discomposure. If he had a residence in this quarter, he could only walk or ride to it, as there are, generally speaking, no carriages or proper roads on which they could run; the vicinity of the city, therefore, on this side is abandoned, and, with the exception of a very few scattered farms, it is a perfect desert.

The state of the interior of the city, with the character, conduct, and policy, &c., of the Sultan, is thus noticed:—

Since the destruction of the Janissaries, a death-like tranquillity has reigned at Constantinople, which no cause of excitement can disturb. Had the public mind been in that sensitive state, when the first news of the battle of Navarino arrived, which displayed itself at the breaking out of the Greek rebellion, it is highly probable that the whole of the French population would have fallen victims to a popular frenzy, which no authority could control. But their spirits were subdued, and their courage broken down; and the ordinary causes of irritation were powerless to move them. Whether the discipline of the new corps can supply the want of this undisciplined energy in future encounters remains to be tried. Had the new system time to organize itself; had habit rendered the discipline agreeable to the Turkish soldier, and practice made him expert, no doubt it would have been a renovation which would have infused energy and vigour into a decaying system; but the Turkish empire seems just now in a perilous state of imbecility. The old military destroyed, the new unorganised; their courage subdued, their attachment alienated; and just at the critical moment threatened with a combination of force, such as they never, in their highest state of power, had to encounter. The present Sultan, who has effected this perilous undertaking, in which so many of his predecessors failed, is a man not in the prime, but still in the vigour of life. He succeeded his brother Mustapha in the year 1808, and so has been on the throne twenty years. He is now the sole survivor, I believe, of thirty children—fifteen boys and fifteen girls—which his father left, and

is the last of the male race of Mahomet of an age fit to reign; and it is to this circumstance, they say, he is indebted for his inviolability. Had there been another of the sacred race old enough to substitute in his place, the Janissaries would have long since deposed him. He had two sons, one about the age of ten, to whom their eyes were turned as his successor, when he should arrive at competent years; and he knew, by experience, it was as easy for them to do this as to say it; for both of his predecessors had been strangled, one of whom was his own brother. His son prematurely died; and it was reported that he had been made away with by his own father, lest he should be set up in his place. It is known, however, that the boy died of the small-pox, and that his father has given an extraordinary example to his subjects, by having his surviving children vaccinated: and so has shewn, in one instance, at least, a disposition to adopt European improvements in things not merely military. He is, moreover, a man well versed in oriental literature, writes and understands Arabic well, and his hatasherifs, which he always dictates, and sometimes writes with his own hand, are admired for their style and composition. He is not a man of a morose or cruel disposition in his own family: on the contrary, he has several daughters by different mothers, to all of whom he is affectionately attached; and in his ordinary intercourse in private life he is urbane and affable. His public conduct has been marked by extraordinary fierceness and unrelenting rigour, not only to Rajas, but to Turks themselves; and in this he has shewn an impartial disregard to human life, and not a strict adherence to human obligations. But whatever his conduct has been to his own subjects, to those of other nations he has afforded the most inviolable protection. He has discontinued the barbarous practice of his predecessors, in sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers, instead of which, whenever they disagree, and are disposed to depart, he affords them every facility, and those of their nation who please to remain are in security. During the frenzied excitement of the populace which took place at the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, the odium and prejudice of the Turks extended to all Christians; yet the Franks were perfectly safe, while the Greeks were shot without mercy wherever they ere met by the mob; and notwithstanding a few accidents which occurred to individuals in he confusion, we never hesitated to walk abroad either in the town or its vicinity, for business r amusement, though every Turk was armed with a yatagan, and case of loaded pistols, which he was ready to use on the slightest provocation. On more recent occasions, where such real cause of complaint and irritation existed, it is but justice to the present Sultan to say, that his moderation and good faith have afforded examples which the best Christian nations in Europe might be proud to follow.

Speaking of Constantine Palæologus, Dr. Walsh observes:—

The name of Constantine occurs more frequently than that of any other in the history of the lower empire: it was borne by fourteen emperors; but they were all marked by imbecility except the first and the last—he who founded the empire, and he in whom it terminated. The details given of this termination, and of the character and conduct of him who endeavoured to avert or delay it, are particularly affecting; and his devotion of himself to the cause of his country, when it could no longer be preserved, and seeking death in the midst of his enemies, are worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome. The breaches which remain in the wall for a considerable extent, near the Top Kapousi Gate, and which the Turks have never since repaired, attest the vigorous resistance made, and the utter hopelessness of any further effort to stop the torrent of barbarians that poured in through them. The body of Constantine was found in one of them, where he had placed himself as the last, but ineffectual, barrier; and a magnificent tree is now growing out of it, to mark, as Clarke says, "the sacred spot where the last of the Palæologi fell."

A little further on, we find the succeeding statement, comprising some curious remarks respecting certain ancient prophecies to which the Turks yield superstitious and implicit belief:—

As this is the side on which the Russians threaten to approach Constantinople, it is highly probable that this is the gate by which they will enter; and the very same passage that admitted the Crescent, will again admit the Cross. It is very well known that this is an event which the Turks are expecting, and their anticipations of it are not confined to military preparations. Their great burying-ground lies on the Asiatic shore, and is to be seen extending its dark cypress grove for a considerable distance in the vicinity of Scutari. This is, perhaps, the largest cemetery in the world, being one hour, or three miles in length; and it has increased to its present size in consequence of the extraordinary predilection the Turks of Constantinople entertain for it. They are persuaded they will again be compelled to retire to Asia, whence they came; and they wish their bodies to be laid in a place where Christian infidels cannot disturb them. The great majority, therefore, of those who die in Constantinople are transported by their friends

across the Bosphorus; and the stairs or slip at which they embark, is called, for this reason, Meit-iskelli, or the Ladder of the Dead. This impression on their minds is confirmed by ancient prophecies, which are current among them, and by other causes equally slight, which, nevertheless, have a powerful influence on the weak and superstitious fancy of a Turk. Among them is a coincidence of names which is rather curious. Constantinople was taken and lost, at different times, by persons who bore the same name. The Latins, under a Baldwin, obtained possession of it; and under a Baldwin they were again driven out of it. The city was rebuilt, and made the seat of the Greek empire, by a Constantine, the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; it was taken, and the empire of the Greeks destroyed, under a Constantine, the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; the Turks obtained possession of it under a Mahomet, and they are firmly persuaded they will lose it under a Mahomet—and that Mahomet the present reigning Sultan: and, to complete this chain of names, at the time the Greek insurrection broke out, a Constantine was the heir-apparent to the Russian throne, and a Gregory was the patriarch of Constantinople. They hanged, at the time, one of these ominous persons, and the other has since abdicated the crown. Still they are persuaded that events will happen as they are decreed, and the fatal combination of Mahomet, Gregory, and Constantine, will yet destroy their power in Europe.

The Turkish Spahis are thus described:—

These are a kind of feudal cavalry, possessing hereditary lands, on the tenure of appearing in the field when called on. If they have no male children, the lands devolve to the commander, who assigns them to others on the same terms, and so the corps is kept up. It consists of sixteen legions, who are perhaps the best mountain horsemen in the world, though nothing can seem more unfavourable to their firm seat and rapid evolutions than their whole equipment. Their saddles are heavy masses of wood, like pack-saddles, peaked before and behind, and are the most awkward and uneasy in the way they use them. Their stirrups are very short, and their stirrup-irons very cumbrous, resembling the blade of a fire-shovel, the handle of which they use to goad on the horse, as they have no spurs: this heavy apparatus is not secured on the horse by regular girths, but tied with thongs of leather, which are continually breaking and out of order. On this awkward and insecure seat the Turk sits, with his knees approaching to his chin; yet I never saw more bold and dexterous horsemen, in the most difficult and dangerous places. When formed into cavalry they observe little order; yet they act together with surprising regularity and effect: but it is in broken ground and mountain passes they are most serviceable, where the surface seems impracticable for European horsemen. They drive at full speed through ravines and mountain torrents, and up and down steep acclivities, and suddenly appear on the flanks or in the rear of their enemies, after passing rapidly through places where it was supposed impossible that horsemen could move. Some of their troops are called, for their headlong and reckless impetuosity, delhis, or madmen; and the desperate enterprises they undertake justify the name. Such cavalry, in the passes of the Balkan, must oppose a formidable resistance to the most effective and best disciplined troops; and no doubt the Russians, if they ever attempt this barrier, will find it so.

The aptitude of the Turks to differ from the Franks, even in their most trifling habits, is curiously illustrated:—

The house next to the barber's shop was in progress of building, and there was a man writing down some inventory. All the persons I saw engaged were working in a manner opposite to our usage. The barber pushed the razor from him—ours draws it to him; the carpenter, on the contrary, drew the saw to him, for all the teeth were set in—ours pushes it from him, for all the teeth are set out; the mason sat while he laid the stones—ours always stands; the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—ours always writes on a desk or table, and from left to right: but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the bottom, and finish to the top: this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top, and the upper rooms were finished and inhabited, while all below was like a lantern. However absurd these minutiæ may appear to you, they are traits of Turkish character, which form, with other things, a striking peculiarity.

Another very interesting production offers itself to our notice, under the title of "*Journal of an Embassy from the Governor General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochin China, exhibiting a View of the actual State of these Kingdoms; by John Crawfurd, Esq., F.R.S., &c., late Envoy.*" —Mr. Crawfurd's official capacity gave him extraordinary opportunities for observation; and, of those opportunities he has availed himself in a manner highly satisfactory, we doubt not, to the British Government, and to the public at large.

Charged with despatches, letters, and presents from the Marquess of Hastings, at that time Governor General of India, Mr. Crawfurd received his appointment, as Envoy to the Kings of Siam and Cochin China, in the month of November, 1821. With a guard of thirty Sepoys, under the command of Lieutenant Rutherford, he proceeded from Calcutta to Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Siam, the Sichang Islands, Saigun, and Hué, the capital of Cochin China. In his suite were Captain Dangerfield, a gentleman of distinguished astronomical and geological science, and Mr. Finlayson, an able surgeon, zoologist, and botanist.

The Envoy's public audience of the Governor of Saigun, a town about fifty miles inland, is described in the following terms:—

Every thing was arranged last night for our audience, and, at the desire of the mandarins, a Chinese list of the presents, written according to the custom of the country upon a scrap of pink-coloured paper, was transmitted. Little previous arrangement was made for our reception, or for the ceremonies we were to perform on our introduction; indeed, no stress appeared to be laid upon matters of this last description. Every thing being ready, about half past seven o'clock I made a demand for the palanquins, or elephants, that were to convey us. There were none ready, and I was given to understand indirectly, that it was expected we should go on foot. I gave those that communicated with us to understand that we would not move a step without a suitable conveyance—and in less than ten minutes five elephants were produced to accommodate us. This was evidently an attempt of some of the lower mandarins to impose upon us, and I make no question was wholly unknown to the governor. About eight o'clock we quitted our house for the palace, accompanied by thirteen of our attendants, but leaving the guard of sepoys behind us. Mr. Finlayson carried the letter of the governor-general. A number of spearmen on foot, and some horsemen mounted on small spirited ponies, similar to those of the Indian islands, accompanied the procession. In about twenty minutes we reached the fort, to which the canal, on the bank of which our house was situated, leads by a straight course, having a good road on each side of it. A great number of spearmen were drawn out to receive us along every avenue of the fort through which we passed, and especially in front of the hall of audience. We did not dismount from our elephants until we came within a hundred yards of the latter. This building was quite open in front, very long but narrow, and entirely constructed of wood, nowhere either varnished or painted. It was altogether a poor place; and the houses of the Chinese, which we visited yesterday at Saigun, were real palaces compared to it. It is the custom of the Cochin Chinese to sit either on broad tables, elevated about a foot and a half from the ground, or upon platforms raised about eight or nine inches from it; those of highest rank, in either case, sitting in front, and those of inferior rank behind. These benches, or platforms, are always covered with handsome mats. In the middle of the hall was one of the platforms in question, somewhat higher than usual, on which the governor was seen sitting. We advanced in front, and made him a bow, which was not returned. Chairs were pointed out to us to the governor's right hand, of which we took possession. On his left was seated by himself the second in authority, a venerable and fine looking old man about seventy. The rest of the governor's court were seated on the same side with us, but behind us, on another platform.

As the inhabitants of Hindostan are total strangers to those of Cochin China, the Indian servants of the embassy, and their dresses—their persons, features, and manners—attracted much of the Governor's notice, and indeed of all who saw them. After tea had been served to Mr. Crawfurd and his friends, they were invited to be present at an elephant and tiger fight, of which we shall speak presently; and for that purpose they mounted their elephants, and repaired to the glacis of the fort, where the combat was to take place.

Mr. Crawfurd regards the late King of Siam, according to the representations which he received, as a man of great activity and intelligence. Independently of his warlike preparations, and of his numerous improvements of the state of his country, it appears that he constructed a splendid mausoleum, and laid out extensive gardens, as a place of interment for himself and his favourite queen, upon which thousands of his subjects were employed for years. Of these gardens, the following is the account obtained by Mr. Crawfurd:—

They are situated in a romantic part of the mountains, and about ten leagues to the north of the capital. The tombs are the least splendid part of this undertaking, which consists, besides,

of spacious gardens and groves, laid out in walks and terraces, and, as it is said, with no mean taste. In the course of this splendid undertaking, hills were levelled, mounds thrown across from one hill to another, canals and tanks dug, and spacious roads constructed. The Queen, a woman of great beauty and merit, who had accompanied her husband in his exile in Siam, in his retreat among the desert islands, in the gulph of that name, and who was, besides, his constant companion in all his warlike expeditions by sea and land, was buried here about seven years before our visit. Four years afterwards, the King himself was placed by her side. The same spot, before being decorated in the present magnificent manner, was also the ancient burying ground of the predecessors of the present race of kings. The place was represented to us as a delicious and a romantic spot, exceeding in beauty every other scene in the country. We wished for permission to pay it a visit; but were politely informed that the King was always reluctant to permit the visits of strangers, whose presence, he said, might "*trouble the repose of the spirits of his ancestors.*"

The country, every where in the vicinity of Hué, is in a high state of cultivation. Rice, mulberry trees, cotton, and orchards of fruit trees, abound. The thickly scattered villages are universally surrounded by hedges of live bamboo. The banks of the river are well raised, and, in some places, extremely picturesque and beautiful, resembling more the scenery of a European than of a tropical country. Mr. Crawfurd supposes Hué to be the only Indian city in the east, the neighbourhood of which has good roads, good bridges, and canals. The numerous highways are straight, broad, and well constructed; and, besides the stone bridges connected with the fortifications, there are many wooden ones, extremely neat, and built on European rules. One of the canals, serving the double purpose of irrigation and navigation, is twelve or fourteen miles in length. By means of the canals, and embankments towards the sea, extensive tracts of land, before flooded and waste, have been rendered available to agriculture. These were amongst the works of the late king. With the appearance of the arsenal at Hué, Mr. Crawfurd appears to have been much struck:—

> The iron cannon were first pointed out to us, consisting of an extraordinary assemblage of old ship-guns, of various European nations—French, English, Dutch, and Portuguese. These were objects of little curiosity compared with the brass ordnance, the balls, and shells, all manufactured in Cochin China, by native workmen, from materials supplied by Tonquin, and after French models. The ordnance consisted of cannon, howitzers, and mortars. The carriages were all constructed, finished and painted, as substantially and neatly as if they had been manufactured at Woolwich or Fort William, and the field carriages especially were singularly neat and handsome. The cannon are of various calibres, from four to sixty-eight pounders, with a large proportion of eighteen pounders. Among them were nine remarkable guns, cast by the late king; these carry each a ball weighing seventy Chinese catties, or, in other words, are ninety-three pounders: they are as h. 'omely modelled, and as well founded as any of the rest, and placed upon highly ornamented carriages. On these remarkable pieces of ordnance is inscribed the name of the late king, Ja-lung, and the day and year in which they were cast. The king used to say, that these would prove the most durable monuments of his reign—no great compliment to his administration. The art of casting good brass cannon, under the direction of Europeans, appears to have been long known in this part of the world; for, among the cannon in the arsenal were a good number of very well founded ordnance, apparently of the size of long nine-pounders, as old as the years 1664 and 1665. These had an inscription in the Portuguese language, importing that they were cast in Cochin China, or Kamboga, and bearing the dates in question, with the name of the artist. Although very inferior indeed to those recently cast under the direction of the French, still they were very good specimens of workmanship. The balls and shells in the arsenal throughout were neatly piled up, and arranged in the European method: the gun carriages were all painted, and, in short, the arsenal was in the most perfect and complete order in all its organization.

We now turn back to the elephant and tiger fight, before mentioned:—

The tiger had been exhibited in front of the hall, and was driven to the spot on a hurdle. A great concourse of people had assembled to witness the exhibition. The tiger was secured to a stake by a rope tied round his loins, about thirty yards long. The mouth of the unfortunate animal was sewn up, and his nails pulled out. He was of large size, and extremely active. No less than forty-six elephants, all males of great size, were seen drawn out in line. One at a time was brought to attack the tiger. The first elephant advanced, to all appearance with a great shew of courage; and we thought, from his determined look, that he would have dis-

patched his antagonist in an instant. At the first effort he raised the tiger upon his tusks to a considerable height, and threw him to the distance of at least twenty feet. Notwithstanding this, the tiger rallied, and sprang upon the elephant's trunk and head, up to the very keeper who was upon his neck. The elephant took alarm, wheeled about, and ran off, pursued by the tiger as far as the rope would allow him. The fugitive, although not hurt, roared most piteously, and no effort could bring him back to the charge. A little after this, we saw a man brought up to the governor, bound with cords, and dragged into his presence by two officers. This was the conductor of the recreant elephant. A hundred strokes of the bamboo were ordered to be inflicted upon him on the spot. For this purpose, he was thrown on his face upon the ground, and secured by one man sitting astride upon his neck and shoulders, and by another sitting upon his feet, a succession of executioners inflicting the punishment. When it was over, two men carried off the sufferer by the head and heels, apparently quite insensible. While this outrage was perpetrating, the governor coolly viewed the combat of the tiger and elephant, as if nothing else particular had been going forward. Ten or twelve elephants were brought up in succession to attack the tiger, which was killed at last, merely by the astonishing falls he received when tossed off the tusks of the elephants. The prodigious strength of these animals was far beyond any thing which I could have supposed. Some of them tossed the tiger to a distance of at least thirty feet, after he was nearly lifeless, and could offer no resistance. We could not reflect without horror, that these very individual animals were the same that have for years executed the sentence of the law upon the many malefactors condemned to death. Upon these occasions, a single toss, such as I have described, is always, I am told, sufficient to destroy life. After the tiger fight we had a mock battle, the intention of which was to represent elephants charging an intrenchment. A sort of *chevaux de frise* was erected to the extent of forty or fifty yards, made of very frail materials. Upon this was placed a quantity of dry grass, whilst a show was made of defending it, by a number of spearmen placed behind. As soon as the grass was set on fire, a number of squibs and crackers were let off; flags were waved in great numbers; drums beat, and a single piece of artillery began to play. The elephants were now encouraged to charge; but they displayed their usual timidity, and it was not until the fire was nearly extinguished, and the materials of the *chevaux de frise* almost consumed, that a few of the boldest could be forced to pass through.

At Saigun, we are told—

The principal bazaar is a wide and spacious street. The numerous shops were not rich, but sufficiently neat. The principal articles exposed for sale were Chinese earthenware, manufactured silks, chiefly of Tonquin and of the place itself, and commonly made up into dresses, paper, and great quantities of amazingly coarse tea from the northern provinces, which had more the appearance of broken tobacco-leaves than real tea. There was abundance of poultry, including the common fowl, ducks, and geese, which last are not reared in Siam, and rarely in any Malay country, except where Europeans reside. Here were also plenty of hogs of an excellent breed. The want of intercourse, direct or indirect, with European nations, was sufficiently evinced by the general absence of European manufactures. A few common glass bottles, and some broad cloth, were all that was to be seen. Women alone attended in the shops. The sex was to be seen going abroad every where, without any reserve.

It would be matter of antiquarian curiosity, could we trace the origin of the respect that is paid, and the worship that is offered, to the stork, in many parts of the world; not only in Europe, but, as it appears, in the East; for we find it mentioned by Mr. Crawfurd, as presenting itself in a temple near Kandyu:—

We visited two temples about a mile distant from the village: they were built of brick and lime, and roofed with red tile, having the ridges and eaves ornamented with figures of animals carved in wood and painted. Each consisted of two chambers: in the first of which was an altar of brick and lime, having upon it two figures of storks opposite to each other. The inner chamber contained a number of elevated masses of brick and mortar, resembling tombs. The walls were painted with figures of tigers and fish, and with dragons and other monstrous animals. There seemed no distinct object of worship, either statue or picture. We were told, however, that the temples were dedicated to certain great fishes, which were represented as the tutelary deities of the place, and the protectors of the fishermen of Kandyu and its neighbourhood. The mounds of brick and mortar, resembling tombs, of which I have spoken, were alleged to contain the remains of some of the fishes in question, which had been stranded on the shore of the bay of St. James. Connected with each of the temples was a poor mean looking house, where justice, we were told, was administered. Near at hand was an extensive burying ground, the tombs commonly consisting of rude mounds of earth, the outer sides now and then cased with rough stones.

We reluctantly close this interesting quarto, from the perusal of which we have received, and can promise to others, much gratification

A thin but beautifully-illustrated volume, in quarto, contains the "*Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th of August, 1827; by John Auldjo, Esq., Trin. Col. Cambridge.*" Mr. Auldjo, it appears, started from Chamounix, attended by eight guides, four of whom had previously attained the summit of the mountain. His party was well provided with edible and potable comforts for the journey. Having, amidst numerous perils, reached the Grands Mulêts, they prepared for dinner; and, after the despatch of that meal, Mr. Auldjo attempted to smoke; but the rarity of the air rendered the scent of the tobacco so powerful and disagreeable that he was obliged to desist. Finding a supply of straw upon the spot, they made up their beds. The succeeding description of sunset—of the deep blue sky, illumined by the moon and stars—presents a happy combination of the sublime and the beautiful:—

The sun, now about to set, tinged with a purple of softest hue the whole scene below us, which, gradually deepening into a beautiful crimson, shaded every thing with its colour, the Jura seeming on fire, and the Lake of Geneva reflecting the glow. Every moment, as the sun retired from the world beneath us, the hue shed by his departing rays became deeper, and then wore into a dull grey: the lake, the lower mountains, were soon clothed in the sombre shade; but we still enjoyed the presence of the god of day. Now the violet tint was on us, but the summit of the mountain was still burnished with a line of bright gold. It died away, leaving a bright lovely red, which, having lingered long, dwindled at last into the shade in which all the world around was enveloped, and left the sky clear and deeply azure. It was getting cold, (the thermometer had descended to 45 deg. Fahrenheit) and as we were to be early risers, I was not reluctant in preparing for my stony couch. I had the first place, Devouassard next to me, and the rest of the guides, in a row alongside each other, lay as close as they could. I soon fell asleep, though the thunder of the falling avalanches might well have kept me awake. In the middle of the night I awoke, but experienced none of the unpleasant nausea and sickness which have attacked others when sleeping on this rock; nor did the guides appear to suffer from any such feelings. A solitude and stillness prevailed, which affected me more than any of the occurrences of the day, though they now crowded on my mind. None of the beauties, none of the dangers, have made a more lasting impression on me than the awful silence of that night, broken as it was only by the loud crash of falling ice, echoing and re-echoing with thrilling sound in the death-like stillness. The sky had become more darkly blue, and the moon shone in the softest brightness, the stars shedding a dazzling and brilliant lustre. The avalanches continued falling, but neither they, nor the reflection on the past day, nor the anxieties for the coming one, could keep me from sleep, into which I again sunk. But before I did so, I sat up and looked at my companions, all sound at rest, thinking not of the dangers they had past, nor of those which they must meet with before the expedition they were engaged in could be finished. They slept placidly, yet I longed to get out of the tent, to behold the wonderful scenery under the influence of the moonlight; but I could not have done so without awakening every one of my dormant guides, and I was unwilling to sacrifice their repose to this gratification. I laid me down, and it was not long before I participated in the sound sleep which they enjoyed, and, with the return of morn, was prepared to continue my journey.

In the morning—an intensely cold one—they proceeded on their difficult and perilous ascent; and, after much fatigue, they reached the Grand Plateau, the largest of the plains of ice on the mountain, having the base of Mont Blanc on the further side, the Dôme du Goûté on the right, a precipice of ice and snow, with the Rochers Rouges, and the Mont Blanc du Tacul on the left. However, without trenching further upon the continuous interest of Mr. Auldjo's exciting narrative, we shall take a long leap, and at once present such an excerpt, as will convey to the reader a clear and comprehensive view of the character of the book, and of the nature of the journey:—

We crossed a plain of snow which rose gently from the Rocher Rouge; at the end of it was the only crevice we had met for some time: it was deep and wide. One bridge was tried, but it gave way. A little further another was found, over which we managed to pass by being drawn across on our backs, on batons placed over it. Two or three managed to walk across another, using great care; but, when we had proceeded some little distance up the acclivity before us, we were

surprised by a shrill scream, and, on turning, beheld Jean Marie Coutet up to his neck in the snow covering the crevice. He had wandered from the party, and coming to the crack, sought and found the place where the guides had walked across, and attempted to follow their course; but not taking the proper care to choose their footsteps, had got about eighteen inches on one side of them, and the consequence was, that when in the centre of the crevice, he sunk up to his shoulders, saving himself from inevitable destruction by stretching out his arms, and by his baton by mere chance coming obliquely on the bridge; otherwise he would have slipped through, and all attempts to have saved or raised him out of the chasm, would have been impossible. The perilous situation he was in was appalling; all ran down to him, and he was drawn out, but had nearly lost his presence of mind, so greatly had he been terrified. However, he soon recovered, and acknowledged his want of precaution, which had very nearly destroyed the pleasure of the undertaking, when so near its happy conclusion. The ascent from this point was very steep, and the difficulty of surmounting it was greatly increased; for those effects of the rarity of the atmosphere which we had felt previously, now became exceedingly oppressive. I was attacked with a pain in my head; the thirst became intense; the difficulty of breathing much greater. The new symptoms I now experienced were, violent palpitation of the heart, a general lassitude of the frame, and a very distressing sensation of pain in the knees and muscles of the thighs, causing weakness of the legs, and rendering it scarcely possible to move them. The "Derniers Rochers," or the highest visible rocks, are merely a small cluster of granite pinnacles, projecting about twenty feet out of the snowy mantle which envelops the summit, and clothes the sides of the mountain. On reaching these rocks, I was so much exhausted that I wished to sleep; but the experienced guides would not permit it, though all appeared to be suffering more or less under similar sensations. From those rochers we saw that there were many people on the Breven, watching our progress; among whom we recognised some female forms, a discovery which renewed our courage, and excited us to still greater efforts than before. Turning to the side of Italy, a spectacle was presented of great magnificence, from the assemblage of the vast and numberless white pyramids which appeared on the left of the view: Mount Rosa, in its surpassing beauty, being the most distant, the Col du Géant, and its aiguille, the nearest; while all the snow-clad rocks which lie on each side of the glacier, running from Mont Blanc down the "Mer de Glace," and again up to the "Jardin," added splendid features to the scene

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

On the south, a blue space shewed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and far in the back ground of this, rose the long chain of the Apennines, and lofty Alps, forming the coast of the Mediterranean, and running thence towards the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and canopied by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it without fear and astonishment. The impression of so mighty a prospect cannot be conceived or retained. It was with some difficulty I could be persuaded to leave these rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end; the lassitude and exhaustion had completely subdued my spirit. I was anxious to get to the summit, but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the moment I attempted to ascend a few steps; and I was convinced, that in a few minutes I should be quite overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides. We had to climb about one hour to get to the summit; but this part of the undertaking required a most extraordinary exertion, and severe labour it was. From the place where the rarity of the air was first felt, we had been able to proceed fifteen or twenty steps without halting to take breath; but now, after every third or fourth, the stoutest, strongest guide, became exhausted; and it was only by resting some seconds, and turning the face to the north wind, which blew strong and cold, that sufficient strength could be regained to take the next two or three paces. This weakness painfully increased the difficulty of advancing up the ascent, which became every instant more steep. Although the sun was shining on us, I felt extremly cold on the side exposed to the cutting blast; and the other side of the body being warm, it increased the shivering, which had not quite left me, to such a degree, as to deprive me almost of the use of my limbs. Some of the guides also were similarly affected, and even suffered more than myself; but all were anxious to get on, evincing a resolute determination that was quite wonderful in the state they were in. Their attention to me was marked by a desire to render me every possible service, while they endeavoured to inspire me with the same firmness of which they themselves gave so strong an example. This earnest solicitude which they shewed, much to their own discomfort and annoyance, to keep my spirits up, was in vain: I was exhausted —the sensation of weakness in the legs had become excessive—I was nearly choked from the dryness of my throat and the difficulty of breathing. My eyes were smarting with inflammation,

the reflection from the snow nearly blinded me, at the same time burning and blistering my face. I had, during the morning, as a protection, occasionally worn a leathern mask, with green eye glasses; but latterly I found it oppressive, and wore a veil instead: that also I was now obliged to discard. I desired to have a few moments rest, and sat down. I besought the guides to leave me. I prayed Julien Devouassard to go to the summit with them, and allow me to remain where I was, that by the time they returned, I might be refreshed to commence the descent. I told them I had seen enough; I used every argument in my power to induce them to grant my request. Their only answer was that they would carry me, exhausted as they were, to the summit, rather than that I should not get to it: that if they could not carry, they would drag me. Being unable to resist I became passive, and two of the least exhausted forced me up some distance, each taking an arm. I found that this eased me, and I then went on more willingly, when one of them devised a plan which proved of most essential service. Two of them went up in advance about fourteen paces, and fixed themselves on the snow; a long rope was fastened round my chest, and the other end to them. As soon as they were seated, I commenced ascending, taking very long strides, and doing so with quickness, pulling the rope in; they also, while I thus exerted myself, pulled me towards them, so that I was partly drawn up, and partly ran up, using a zig-zag direction: and the amusement derived from this process kept us in better humour than we were before. I was less fatigued, and felt the effects of the air less by this process, than by the slow pace in which I had hitherto attempted to ascend. I had taken very little notice of the progress we were thus making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit. I hastened to the highest point (towards Chamounix), and, taking my glass, observed that the party on the Breven had noticed the accomplishment of our undertaking, and were rewarding us by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, which salutation we returned. I noticed, also, that the people in Chamounix had also collected in considerable numbers on the bridge, watching our progress and success. It was exactly eleven o'clock. The wind blew with considerable force. I was too much worn out to remain there long, or to examine the scene around me. The sun shone brilliantly on every peak of snow I could see; hardly any mist hung over the valleys; none was on the mountains; the object of my ambition and my toil was gained, yet the reward of my dangers and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body, and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold, and throwing myself on the snow, behind a small mound which formed the highest point, and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun, nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb. In this state I remained a quarter of an hour, when I was roused to survey the mighty picture beneath. I found myself much relieved, but still had a slight shivering. The pain in the legs had ceased, as well as the headach, but the thirst remained. The pulse was very quick, and the difficulty of breathing great, but not so oppressive as it had been. Having placed my thermometer on my baton, in a position in which it might be as much in shade as possible, I went to the highest point to observe my friends on the Breven and in Chamounix once more, but was summoned immediately to a repast; and willingly I obeyed the call, for I felt as if I had a good appetite. Some bread and roasted chicken were produced, but I could not swallow the slightest morsel; even the taste of the food created a nausea and disgust. One or two guides ate a very little; the rest could not attempt to do so. I had provided a bottle of champaigne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me, for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at that moment. The wire being removed, and the string cut, the cork flew out to a great distance, but the noise could hardly be heard. The wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zest. But not three minutes had elapsed, when repentance and pain followed; for the rapid escape of the fixed air which it still contained, produced a choking and stifling sensation, which was very unpleasant and painful while it lasted, and frightened some of the guides. A very small quantity was sufficient to satisfy our thirst, for nine of us were perfectly satisfied with the contents of one bottle, and happily its unpleasant effects were of short duration. The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. It weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power, the effect of which it is impossible to describe. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwill has given a description in the following words: "It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood!"

In turning over the pages of "*A Spinster's Tour in France, the States of Genoa, &c., during the Year* 1827," the first passage that arrested our attention, was a little piece of advice, which, to the readers of La Belle Assemblee, we will give the option of taking or rejecting :—

Never subject yourself, *if possible*, to the agonising fatigue of travelling by moonlight during the summer. The hottest day is freshened at times by a breeze; the occasional shade of copses or even the sight of woods and trees, relieves the eye: but moonlight has no relief—all nature, except that glaring pale planet, rests—slumbers. Not a breath moves to stir the air, which is perceptibly heavier than by day. The dust is now suffocating, nauseating: the constant thoroughfare on a great road leaves deposits which heavy carriages pulverise and disturb. The excessive brightness strains and distresses the vision; for, unlike the sunbeams, which penetrate and lose themselves in deep shades, this borrowed light perpetually silvers every surface, and dizzies the eye, which the jolts and swings on a half-paved road keep distended. I can well believe the painful effect of this planet on persons exposed to her full force, which travellers in the East have reported. Well did the fanciful mythologists arm Diana with her bow; and much more appalling must have been the heavy, stupifying effect of her silver shaft to those vivid-minded nations, than the fevering stroke from the golden arrow of the god of day.

This is a very pleasant and amusing volume, full of sketches, useful and agreeable, biographical and antiquarian notices, &c. One or two of these we shall give, almost at random. While in the Department of the Loire and Cher, the Spinster observes—

A poet, whose genius will ever do honour to his country, though his verse has all the faults and pedantry of that early age, Ronsard, was a native of this province. He was born in 1524, in the Château de la Poissonnière près Montaine, of very respectable parents, who encouraged and improved his natural talents for poetry, which enabled him, when quite a youth, to gain the first prize in the floral games at Toulouse. The effect of his verses was so powerful on that city, that they decreed him a statue of Minerva, wrought in solid silver; and the present was accompanied with an address, wherein he was stiled, "the prince of poets." Mary Stuart, then one of the brightest ornaments of the French court, and as eminent for her literary acquirements as for her personal graces, paid a valuable tribute to Ronsard, by presenting him a side-board of plate, worth two thousand crowns. Amongst the ornamental pieces in this "buffet" was a representation of Mount Parnassus, over which Pegasus was fluttering, and exhibiting this motto—

"A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la source des Muses."

Yet the charms and the flatteries of a court failed to attract the poet; and not all the honours and liberality of Henry the Second and his sons, successive kings of France, had power to divert his predilection for the church. He entered holy orders, and immediately devoted himself to his duties at Evaillé, in the diocese of Le Mans. When the religious feuds broke out into open war, Ronsard placed himself at the head of the nobility and people of his district, and by his influence and courage saved his church and his parish from pillage. Charges were afterwards brought against him, and he was accused of bringing obloquy on the sacred character by his violent measures and conduct. He defended himself by saying, that "after having failed in all his attempts to preserve peace with the keys of St. Peter, which the Calvinists professed not to respect, he had deemed it allowable in a minister to protect his flock with the sword of St. Paul." He died prior of Croix-Val, near Tours, in 1585.

The subjoined is curious in an antiquarian light :—

During your residence at Le Mans you will doubtless wish to visit every object of interest in the neighbourhood; and as the traveller in Britain is always arrested by a *cairn* or *cromlech*, he will not be less curious to mark those imperishable records of Druidism in Gaul. There are several remarkable altars in this department, one of which is near the road from Connerré to Dallon. The table is of one piece of freestone, supported by three others, that form a cavity or grotto, making the erection similar to that in the grounds of Plas Newedd, though it does not produce the same picturesque effect, from the want of the sacred oaks. At a little distance from the high road to La Fléche, there is another altar, whose dimensions are less, but the table is supported by one immense block of silicious-stone, nearly round; near to which is a small table, apparently intended for receiving oblations. The quarries whence these stones may have been taken are at a considerable distance from the spot. Pillars of a pyramidal form, called druidical, are scattered over these countries. An extensive common, between Oisé and St. Jean-de la Motte, has several of these erections, which being known to have generally marked great events, and to have served as funeral trophies, may shew the field of conflicting action, and the deposits of slaughtered heroes. Such deposits have been found in various parts of France. At Quimper, near Castres, in 1710, eleven human

heads were dug out in excavating near one of these similar pyramids. A like discovery was made at Begar, in Lower Brittany; and not far from the little town of St. Susanne, where a tract of land is much scattered with druidical monuments, a great quantity of calcined human bones was found by labourers who were digging holes for a plantation of trees. Besides these evidences of the druids, the veneration for the oak, which has never been obliterated in these provinces, proves the hold which an awful superstition takes on the mind. At this day respect is paid to the sacred tree, though the saint who now chooses it to hallow his shrine, apparently receives all the honour of worship. Several hamlets have still their "Chapel of the Oak," in which the entire stump of the tree is enchased near the altar; and that of "Our Lady of the Oak," near Orthes, was celebrated in this century, when her votaries flocked to her shrine from all the adjoining hamlets. The faith in the virtues of springs and fountains is another proof of the fondness with which revered prejudices are perpetuated. The village of Izé (Mayenne) attracted, till within a few years, the anxious mother who went "en voyage" with her child, many a wearying distance, to plunge it in a fountain that gave celebrity to a spot otherwise unmarked. The canonised of the Romish church often lend their names to these ancient saving waters; and the revered St. Martin now perpetuates the inveterate habits of ancient Gallic superstition, at his fountain between Le Mans and La Flèche.

From various other passages respecting the Troubadours, we select the following:—

A Gascon Troubadour, Girand de Calençon, has celebrated the talents and virtues of Don Ferdinand of Castile, the husband of Eleanor, daughter of Henry the Second, of England, who, after having distinguished himself against the Moors, was prematurely cut off by a sudden death:—"Lament," says he, "for Eleanor, bereft of Ferdinand, in whom she found repaired the loss of three brothers. In form and feature he resembled them, while in every good quality he assimilated to his own royal father. From the river Jordan to the setting of the sun, there never was a young prince so feelingly regretted. He is mourned by French and English, by Germans and the Emperor, by Spain and Arragon, for there is not a Christian potentate but was his relation or ally. Had he lived another year, Ferdinand would have served God against the Arabs." This Troubadour's advice to the youthful minstrel, is sufficiently curious to deserve transcribing:—"To be a good Troubadour, thou must invent (trouver) well, and rhyme well, talk well, and propose a trial of skill well. Thou must learn how love runs and flies; how he repels justice with the darts himself has sharpened, and with his two arrows; the one of fine gold, which dazzles those who fix it, the other of steel, which pierces so deeply that it is impossible to heal its wounds," &c. "When thou art master of all these subjects," continues the master to his pupil, "fail not to present thyself to the young king of Arragon, for there is no judge that appreciates good exercises better than he."

The last work that we shall notice under this head, is the "*Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of* 1827; *with Anecdotes and Recollections, Historical and Legendary, of the Towns, Castles, Monasteries, &c., upon the Banks of the River; by J. R. Planché, author of Lays and Legends of the Rhine.*" Mr. Planché, we believe, is the first of our English tourists who has resorted to that interesting stream, the Danube, in quest of material for literary composition. The labour of his research has been abundantly and richly repaid; and, in his descriptions of the fine scenery of the Danube, the noble and memorable remains with which its banks are studded, the reader will find as ample a banquet. His historical sketches, too, and yet more his collection of wild and romantic legends, excite the liveliest, and sometimes the most appalling interest. With one of his ancient stories we shall gratify the readers of La Belle Assemblee:—

Griefenstein was last ruined by the Swedes in 1645, and is one of the castles named as having been the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion; nay, they even shew an iron cage here, in which he is said to have been cooped. The ruins are reported to be haunted by an old white woman, and a legion of

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,"

who do her awful bidding. This tradition has probably arisen from the circumstance of its last inhabitant having been an ancient gentlewoman, the Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood, who devoted all her time to the care of disorders, and was so generally successful in the treatment of her numerous patients, that she was at length suspected of possessing supernatural power. At her death, therefore, instead of canonising her, as in duty bound, the ungrateful peasantry have converted the kind-hearted old lady, who was certainly "a spirit of health," into "a goblin damned;" and they are less excusable, as the castle is not in want of such an attraction, the *terrain* being already occupied by as romantic a

spectre as ever revisited "the glympses of the moon, making night hideous!" The legend, indeed, attached to those venerable walls, is one of the most interesting on the Danube, and I cannot account for its omission by the diligent Schultes. Thus it runs:—As early as the eleventh century the lords of Greifenstein were famed and feared throughout Germany. One of the first knights that bore this name lost his lady soon after she had presented him with a daughter, who received the name of Etelina. The dying mother, painfully aware how little attention would be payed to the education of a female by a rude and reckless father, half knight, half-freebooter, however fond he might be of his child, had recommended her infant with her last breath to the care of a kind and pious monk, the chaplain of the castle, and under his affectionate guidance the pretty playful girl gradually ripened into the beautiful and accomplished woman. Sir Reinhard of Griefenstein, though stern, turbulent, and unlettered himself, was, nevertheless, sensible to the charms and intelligence of his daughter: and often as he parted her fair hair, and kissed her ivory forehead, before he mounted the steed, or entered the bark that waited to bear him to the hunt or the battle, a feeling of which he was both proud and ashamed, would moisten his eye, and subdue a voice naturally harsh and grating, into a tone almost of tenderness. On his return, weary and sullen, from a fruitless chace or a baffled enterprise, the song of Etelina would banish the frown from his brow, when even the wine-cup had been thrust untasted away, and the favourite hound beaten for a mis-timed gambol. So fair a flower, even in the solitary castle of Greifenstein, was not likely to bloom unknown or unsought. The fame of Etelina's beauty spread throughout the land. Many a noble knight shouted her name as his bright sword flashed from the scabbard; and many a gentle squire fought less for his gilt spurs than for the smile of Etelina. The minstrel who sung her praises had aye the richest largess; and the little foot-page who could tell where she might be met with in the summer twilight, clinging to the arm of the silver-haired chaplain, might reckon on a link of his master's chain of gold for every word he uttered. But the powerful and the wealthy sighed at her feet in vain—she did not scorn them, for so harsh a feeling was unknown to the gentle Etelina. Nay, she even wept over the blighted hopes of some, whose fervent passion deserved a better fate: but her heart was no longer her's to give. She had fixed her affections on the poor but noble Rudolph, and the lovers awaited impatiently some turn of fortune, which would enable them to proclaim their attachment without fear of the anger and opposition of Sir Reinhard, who was considerably annoyed by Etelina's rejection of many of the richest counts and barons of Germany. Business of importance summoned the old knight to the court of the Emperor. His absence, prolonged from month to month, afforded frequent opportunities of meeting to the lovers; and the venerable monk, on whom the entire charge of the castle and its inhabitants had devolved at Sir Reinhard's departure, was one evening struck dumb with terror at the confession which circumstances at length extorted from the lips of Etelina. Recovered from the first shock, however, his affection for his darling pupil seemed only increased by the peril into which passion had plunged her. In the chapel of the castle he secretly bestowed the nuptial benediction upon the imprudent pair, and counselled their immediate flight and concealment, till his prayers and tears should wring forgiveness from Sir Reinhard, who was now on his return home, accompanied by a wealthy nobleman, on whom he had determined to bestow the hand of his daughter. Scarcely had Rudolph and Etelina reached the cavern in the neighbouring wilderness, selected for their retreat by the devoted old man, who had furnished them with provisions, a lamp and some oil, promising to supply them from time to time with the means of existence, as occasions should present themselves, when the rocks of the Danube rang with the well-known blast of Sir Reinhard's trumpet, and a broad banner lazily unfolding itself to the morning breeze, displayed to the sight of the wakeful warden the two red griffins rampant in a field vert, the blazon of the far-feared lords of Griefenstein. In a few moments the old knight was galloping over the draw-bridge, followed by his intended son-in-law. The clatter of their horses' hoofs struck upon the heart of the conscious chaplain as though the animals themselves were trampling on his bosom; but he summoned up his resolution, and relying on his sacred character, met his master with a firm step, and a calm eye, in the hall of the castle. Evading a direct answer to the first inquiry for Etelina, he gradually, and cautiously informed Sir Reinhard of her love, her marriage, and her flight. Astonishment for a short space held the old warrior spell-bound; but when his gathered fury at last found vent, the wrath of the whirlwind was less terrible. He seized the poor old monk by the throat, and upon his firm refusal to reveal the retreat of the culprits, dashed him to the earth, had him bound hand and foot, and flung him into a pit beneath an iron grating in the floor of the dungeon or keep of the castle. Tearing, like an infuriated pasha, "his very beard for ire," he called down curses on Etelina and her husband, and prayed that if ever he forgave them, a dreadful and sudden death might overtake him on the

spot where he should revoke the malediction he now uttered! Upwards of a year had elapsed, when one winter day the Knight of Griefenstein, pursuing the chace, lost his way in the maze of a wilderness on the banks of the Danube. A savage-looking being, half clothed in skins, conducted him to a cavern, in which a woman similarly attired, was seated on the ground with an infant on her knees, and greedily gnawing the bones of a wolf; Sir Reinhard recognised in the squalid form before him his once beautiful Etelina. Shocked to the soul at the sight of the misery to which his severity had reduced her, he silently motioned to the huntsmen who came straggling in upon his track, to remove the wretched pair and their poor little offspring to the castle. Moved by the smiles of his innocent and unconscious grandchild, he clasped his repentant daughter to his bosom as she recrossed the threshold, bore her up into the banquet hall, and consigning her to the arms of her faithful Rudolph, hastened down again to release with his own hands the true-hearted monk, who still languished in captivity. In descending the steep staircase his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the bottom—his fall was unseen—his cry was unheard—dying, he dragged himself a few paces along the pavement, and expired upon the very spot where he had just embraced and forgiven his daughter. Rudolph, now lord of Griefenstein, restored the chaplain to liberty, and lived long and happily with his beloved Etelina: but the spirit of Sir Reinhard to this day wanders about the ruins of his ancestral castle, and will continue so to do till the stone whereon he expired shall be worn in twain. "Alas, poor ghost!" the very slight hollow which is at present perceivable in it, affords you little hope of its division by fair means previously to the general "crack of doom."

POETS.

Still there is a lamentable dearth of genuine poetry. Of the few volumes that we have to mention, our notice here will be very slight. That these have not been introduced to the reader before, is not our fault, but one that rests with those to whom the subject ought to possess more interest than it does to us, or than it does to the public.

Mr. Rogers, by his second part of "*Italy, a Poem,*" will not increase his fame. With little originality of thought or expression, the composition is, with few exceptions, tame and feeble. We select, as one of the best passages in the work, a well-drawn picture of Italian banditti:—

Now crafty, cruel, torturing, ere they slay
The unhappy captive, and with bitter jests
Mocking misfortune; vain, fantastical,
Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil;
And most devout, though, when they kneel and pray,
With every bead they could recount a murder,
As by a spell they start up in array,
As by a spell they vanish—theirs a band,
Not as elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
As sow and reap, and at the cottage door
Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting;
Now in the garb of peace, now silently
Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,
Whose lives have long been forfeit.
Some there are
That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,
Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,
The guilt that says, Beware! and mark we now
Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey
At the bridge-foot in some dark cavity
Scooped by the waters, or some gaping tomb,
Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox
Slunk as he entered. There he broods in spleen,
Gnawing his beard; his rough and sinewy frame
O'erwritten with the story of his life:
On his wan cheek, a sabre-cut well earned
In foreign warfare; on his breast the brand
Indelible, burnt in when to the port
He clanked his chain, among a hundred more
Dragged ignominiously; on every limb
Memorials of his glory and his shame,
Stripes of the lash and honourable scars,
And channels here and there worn to the bone
By galling fetters.
He comes slowly forth,
Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
Anxiously looks; his cruise, an ample gourd,
(Duly replenished from the vintner's cask)
Slung from his shoulder, in his breadth of belt
Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,
A parchment scrawled with uncouth characters,
And a small vial, his last remedy,
His cure, when all things fail. No noise is heard,
Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf,
Howl in the upper region, or a fish
Leaps in the gulph beneath—but now he kneels
And (like a scout when listening to the tramp
Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
Then kneels again, and his short rifle-gun
Against his cheek, waits patiently.

"*Italy, and other Poems, by William Sotheby,*" constitute a volume not dissimilar in its character from that of Mr. Rogers. Mr. Sotheby has long been known

as one of the most elegant, if not one of the most powerful, writers of the day; and we are not aware that the production now before us will suffer by comparison with former works from the same pen. As we have room for only one brief extract, we shall take a few lines upon a subject—the bandit—nearly the same as that which we selected from Mr. Rogers's poem:—

Speed onward—day withdraws its light,
The shadows lengthen into night;
The woods a gloomier horror breathe,
And vapours spread the envenom'd wreath.
Lo! where yon ruined cities rest,
Like clouds upon the mountain's crest,
There, in his den, 'mid rocky cells,
Hereditary murder dwells.
Speed! ere down those pathless steeps,
The Arab of Italia sweeps.
That spring of limb, that breadth of mould,
A Mercury and Mars infold.
Round the robber chieftain blaze
Stones that beam back the solar rays,
Love-tokens that gay brides have worn,
And rings that dower'd dames adorn:
A carbine, slung at either side,
Clangs from his girdle's plated pride,
And o'er his rich, embroider'd vest,
A cross and poniard guard his breast.
Speed! ere beneath th' impatient steel
Th' assassin's grasp thy blood congeal—
O'er life and death the balance hold,
Slow bartering limb by limb for gold.
Ah! if the promised ransom fail,
Deem not that mercy will avail.
Reft, like the eagle's living prey,
From earth and all her race away,
Where never whisper of thy woe
Shall reach the stranger-world below,
Akin to human kind no more,
Dead art thou, ere existence o'er,
Ere the last stab thy torture end,
And blood-hounds on thy corse contend.
Speed, traveller! speed! adown yon steeps,
The Arab of Italia sweeps.

Mr. Robert Montgomery, whose Omnipresence of the Deity, &c., obtained a rapid and extraordinary celebrity, has recently produced (with a portrait of the author) an imposing quarto, under the title of "*A Universal Prayer, Death, a Vision of Heaven, and a Vision of Hell.*" We objected to his first subject, as one too vast, too magnificent, too sublime, for the grasp of human intellect; and, in our view, the same objection applies to much of the contents of the present volume, the whole of which is in blank verse. Nor do we consider that the youthful poet comes before us with strengthened claims upon public approbation. Certainly his versification is not improved: much that he has written is in bad taste, and not a little that is in censurable feeling. However, instead of reviewing these poems, we shall content ourselves with indicating their appearance to the reader, and with selecting two short passages. The first, from "Death," though abounding with verbal improprieties, with faults of style and of expression, has some redeeming beauties in its close. Yet we confess that we have seen the same beautiful picture, or rather succession of pictures, with all their details, more impressive, more vivid, and within a much smaller space.

——————————Lo!
A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun.
On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his trepid locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy shaped his brow, and Pleasure rolls his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip,
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand;
The birds sing to him from the sunny trees,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet to court the playful touch.
To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face.
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length repeaceful evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,

With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.
The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon and nurseling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away
Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids sealed,
Like violet tips at eve, he lies enrobed—
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It winged from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above.

With Mr. Montgomery's "Hell" we wish to have nothing to do. From his "Vision of Heaven" we select some sweet lines, allusive to the dear and fondly-cherished idea of recognising our friends in a future stage of existence:—

Fairest of all fair visions seen above,
Remember'd loves and unforgotten friends
Were recognised again! Along a mead
Of bright immensity I saw them stray;
Not anguish-worn, or rack'd with inward fears,
But shining in the beauty of the bless'd:—
Oh! ye in life so loved, in death so mourn'd!
How oft affection through the desert world
Delights to track ye where your feet have trod,
Through fav'rite walks, or fancy-haunted bowers!
Or twilight breezes wing your voices? or
In fairy music fraught with infant years,
Are echoes woven from your hymns above?
In mournful days and melancholy hours
We think of you: we shrine ye in the stars,
And recreate ye in celestial dreams!

From a volume of "*Minor Poems, by Joseph Snow,*"—a volume distinguished by the mild and gentle modesty of its author—we select one piece, involving tale, sentiment, and moral:—

The dial's finger points the hour of ten!
And the first music of its silver bell
Rung sadly on the ear of one—for then
Came parting, and that dismal word—farewell.
Yet he was pledged, and he might not rebel.
He rose and pressed her hand, then spake a word,
Which on the maiden wrought as by a spell;
Deeply she blushed, although alone she heard
The voice which to their depths her woman's feelings stirred.

He is departed—and her following eyes
Have gained their sweet serenity again;
Yet on her father's placid brow there lies
A smile half playful, not unmixed with pain;
While her fond mother, anxious to restrain
Her rising feelings, turns away her face.
Futile expedient! and attempt how vain!
Rushes Rosanne into her warm embrace,
And now their mingled tears flow silently apace.

Oh, how akin to grief is happiness!
Who would not deem, this weeping group to see,
That some o'erwhelming cause of deep distress
Had fallen suddenly upon the three?
Not so—to-morrow, and Rosanne will be
The fond, confiding, and the happy bride
Of one who loved her long and tenderly;
Of one whose virtues justify her pride,
And with her parent's wish her choice is ratified.

Rare is such union on earth—forsooth
The stars 'gainst lovers bear unholy spite;
"The course of true love never did run smooth,"
Alas! the saying is as true as trite.
Yet here one happy instance we may cite
Of love that knew "no agony," but ran
In the calm "course" of sunshine and delight;
From the deep blush that answered for Rosanne,
To that important moment when our tale began.

The only olive-branch that heaven did spare
To grace their table and to bless their sight—
All that was left of many blossoms, where
The tree was once with richest promise white—
Such was Rosanne; and it may well excite
The heart's deep trembling and the purest tears
(E'en when the hopes are promising and bright),
To yield such solace of declining years
Into another's charge;—and such were now their fears.

They deemed this solemn hour might be the last
Which they might spend together; they might meet
No more on this side heaven. These feelings past,
A calm succeeded, and their bosoms beat
Less painfully, as, in communion sweet,
Her parents pour'd their blessings on her head,
Then came the well-known signal for retreat,
The kiss succeeded, and the prayer was read,
And each in holy frame now sought a peaceful bed.

Strong in her faith, of clear and open soul,
Rosanne the young, the innocent, the fair,
Enter'd her chamber, and a slight blush stole
The lily from her brow—for on a chair

Her bridal vestments lay arranged with care;
And, be her maiden vanity forgiven,
A silver rose she placed upon her hair;
But soon the transient thought away is driven—
She drops the flower, and turns her dark blue eyes to heaven.

To Him who what is best, best understood,
Oh, with what fervency of soul she pray'd
That he would make her holy, pure, and good:
No word for her own happiness e'er stray'd
Into the prayer of this bethrothed maid—
Goodness was happiness in her pure creed,
Not to be purchased, were all India laid
A dowry at her feet—yet in her need
If God her portion was, oh! she was rich indeed.

It is a gracious sight in form so young
To see devotion's heavenly spirit there;
A gracious sound to hear a youthful tongue
Pour forth the simple eloquence of prayer.
Oh! what rich blessings may not others share
By early faith and piety brought down!
What anchor for themselves do they prepare,
"Steadfast and sure" in earth's severest frown,
Who discipline the soul for an immortal crown!

She rose refreshed, as they will rise who seek
Strength in submission to superior will;
Her head is on her pillow, and her "meek
And quiet spirit" now is hush'd and still,
Yet visions of delight her slumbers fill,
And brilliant dreams which fancy could not paint,
Float o'er her brain, and all their balm distil—
Scenes that might cause the waking sense to faint,
Yet pure as ever trance that bless'd the holiest saint.

Yet something of the morrow is mixed up
With all the images that fill her mind—
Still something of that joy's delicious cup
Prepared for her, is pictured as designed
A foretaste of the bliss she is to find—
The white-stoled priest, the altar, and the prayer,
"Virgins that be her fellows," and who bind
The wreaths of roses in her flowing hair,
All is confused she sees, yet every thing is there.

Thus passed her first and joyous sleeping hours;
But now she restless grows, the frequent start
Betrays uneasy sleep:—ye guardian powers
Who watch o'er innocence, your aid impart!
"A change is o'er her dream"—her lab'ring heart
Beats fearfully—her breathing now is thick—
Is it the fabled nightmare's cruel art
That works this outrage? and behold how quick
Her fluttering pulses play, until her soul is sick.

There is a wild and hurried noise without,
And hasty feet are running to and fro;
And hark, there comes a wild terrific shout,
And a loud knocking at the doors below,
Follow'd by smoke, whose dense black volumes show,
That the house blazed with internal fires:
Then bursts a loud, appalling shriek—ah no,
It must not be—oh, say not, truth requires,
It is Rosanne's wild shriek, who in that shriek expires.

This is an awful sketch, and if it shake
The faith of one in heaven's all-seeing eye—
Or if one timid spirit it shall make
Doubtful of prayer, if faith too hard it try,
Or if obedience stagger—I reply—
On you who falsely reason be the blame,
For we are God's; he knows the when, the why—
Who may dispute? for he his own may claim
By quick or lingering death—in pestilence or flame.

DRAMATISTS.

"*The Bride, a Drama, in Three Acts, by Joanna Baillie,*" is entitled to consideration from the fame and talent of its amiable author—from its intrinsic merit—and more especially from the noble and generous object to which it is indebted for its birth. From the preface we learn that, some time before, Miss Baillie was apprised of an intended translation of her drama called "The Martyr," into the Cingalese language, "as a work which might have some good effects upon a people of strong passions, emerging from a state of comparative barbarism, and whose most effectual mode of receiving instruction is frequently that of dramatic representation, according to the fashion of their country;" and that, it was suggested to her, by a gentleman to whom Ceylon is indebted for many great benefits, that she "might write something of the kind, more peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances of that island, which would naturally have a stronger moral effect on the minds of its inhabitants. Pleased to be made, in the humblest degree, an instrument for their good," she "most readily promised to endeavour to do so;" and she accordingly determined upon writing the Bride, with a view to its being translated into the Cingalese language, and performed in Ceylon. But, she observes—

Should the individual effects of this drama be ever so inconsiderable, the profits arising from its publication in England may be the means of procuring translations into the Cingalese language of more able and useful works, and make, as it were, a first, though a low, step to an invigorating moral eminence. In these days, when many eminent men are striving, at the expense of health and ease, and all that is valued by the world, to spread the light of Christianity in the East; when the lamented Bishop Heber, with the disinterested devotion of an apostle, joined to the mildness, liberality, ability, courteousness and good sense, which promote and grace every laudable undertaking, has proved himself to be the genuine and noble follower of his blessed master—who will not be willing to lend some aid and encouragement to so excellent a purpose? I hope, and strongly hope, that good will be derived, even from such a feeble effort as the present; and that the time will come when the different races of the East will consider every human creature as a brother, while Englishmen, under whose rule or protection they may live, will contemn that policy which founds its security upon ignorance. All past experience is unfavourable to the unmanly and ungenerous maxim.

To sketch the plot of this simple drama would be to rob it of its interest with the reader; and as without some notice of the fable, isolated passages would be found ineffective, we abstain from all quotation but that of a lyric effort—the Epithalamium, sung upon the entrance of the bride into the castle of her lord:—

Open wide the frontal gate,
The lady comes in bridal state;
Than wafted spices sweeter far,
Brighter than the morning star,
Modest as the lily-wild,
Gentle as a nurse's child,
A lovelier prize, of prouder boast,
Never chieftain's threshold crost!

Like the beams of early day,
Her eyes' quick flashes brightly play—
Brightly play, and gladden all
On whom their kindly glances fall.
Her lips in smiling weave a charm,
To keep the peopled house from harm,
In happy moment is she come,
To bless a noble chieftain's home.

Happy be her dwelling here,
Many a day, a month, and year!
Happy as the nested dove,
In her fruitful ark of love!
Happy in her tented screen!
Happy in her garden green!
Thus we welcome, one and all,
Our lady to our chieftain's hall.

NOVELISTS.

Over works of this class, we have kept a very strict *surveillance*, in our monthly views. If the "*Second Series of the Chronicles of the Canongate, by the Author of Waverley*," &c. and a few others, have escaped notice in these monthly views, it is the fault of their authors or their publishers, in not transmitting them to us promptly on their appearance. As all those persons who read all Sir Walter Scott's works, good, bad, or indifferent, have long since read his said Second Series of the Chronicles of the Canongate, it would be useless for us now to describe its contents, or to offer any opinion upon its merits. Let it suffice, therefore, that we place its publication upon record.

With the exception of an exceedingly lively, smart, clever production, entitled, "*At Home, a Novel, by the Author of English Fashionables Abroad*," we are not aware of having passed any other work of merit falling under this head.

THE FINE ARTS.

From a thin quarto volume "*On the Landscape Architecture of the Great Painters of Italy*," understood to be from the pen of Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq., and only in private circulation, we select the following tribute to the fine arts, in illustration of their happy effects upon the mind, manners, and morals of the human race:—

The primitive times have been, from the dawn of poetry, held up to the imagination as the days of innocence and virtue; and moralists have maintained, that the absence of the fine arts is favourable to the morals and industry, to the energy and independence, of a people; while their cultivation laid nations open to the inroads of enervating luxury and debilitating refinement. But the history of these arts disproves altogether such theories. In Egypt, their cradle, they flourished most when she was a powerful country, and had rendered her narrow territory the most fertile. In Greece, they arrived at perfection when more energy of intellect and more splendid deeds were displayed than perhaps the world may ever again contemplate and admire. In Asia Minor, they

were maintained while the successors of Alexander, with a handful of Greeks, kept in submission, and at the same time enlightened, the former subjects of the great Persian monarchy. In Italy, they concentrated from subdued states, and were cherished when "the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilised portion of mankind, when the gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces." And again, after a dark period of intervening barbarism, the descendants of the Romans restored to light, almost miraculously, the treasures of ancient wisdom; the philosophy, the history and jurisprudence, the poetry and oratory, of Greece and of Rome. All Europe became gradually enlightened by this collected knowledge, which has left us little else to do on such subjects than to expand, to vary, and to imitate: then did the fine arts revive and flourish, while every petty state of Italy displayed a vigour and energy not unworthy of the Grecian era.

The subject to which this volume relates, is very ably and successfully treated. Mr. Meason's book may be studied and consulted with great advantage by all persons interested or engaged in the erection of buildings admissible, from situation, &c. of picturesque effect.

EDUCATION.

To point out works of education and of amusement for childhood, is frequently beneficial to mothers, and to those who are engaged in the labours of tuition, as well as to their charge. We have, therefore, much pleasure in mentioning, as a volume well calculated to promote its object, "*The Little Grammarian, or, an Easy Guide to the Parts of Speech, and familiar Illustrations of the leading Rules of Syntax, in a Series of Instructive and Amusing Tales; by the Rev. W. Fletcher.*" This book, illustrating the parts of speech upon the Abbé Gaultier's plan, will greatly facilitate the acquisition of knowledge in the young beginner, who will, thereby, be amused and beguiled into the possession of practical rules which he would otherwise find it difficult and irksome to learn. It reflects much credit upon the taste and judgment of its author.

Another pretty little volume, also by Mr. Fletcher, is "*Lessons of Wisdom for the Young, or Spring Mornings and Evenings; with twelve Engravings.*" Elucidating, by light, simple, and amusing moral essays, the beauties and wonders of nature, it is admirably adapted to the capacities of children.

To succeed the spelling book, "*An English Lesson Book, for the Junior Classes, by Lucy Aikin,*" is well suited to the female nursery, or preparatory school.

"*The Step-Brothers, a Tale;*" by the author of The Young Emigrants, &c., to which we accorded a favourable notice in a former volume, displays, in a pleasing and affecting narrative, founded on facts, the injurious consequences of indulging in the passions of anger and hatred. As no slight portion of human happiness depends upon the regulation of the temper, we are pleased in the opportunity of recommending to our youthful readers the perusal of a volume which so forcibly exhibits the baneful effects of a morose and turbulent disposition, and the importance, both to themselves and others, of cherishing feelings of amity and benevolence.